

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

1955 In Hongkong

1955 has been unspectacular for Hongkong. It has at least been reasonably kind, and for this the Colony tonight will see the year out with no hard feelings. In any event tradition is strong enough to overcome prejudices and disappointments, and it is safe to anticipate the New Year celebrations will be as gay and as jolly as ever.

Economically the Colony ends the calendar year in pretty much the same state as it started it: the continued entropic recession has been largely offset by industrial expansion; money has become somewhat tighter, and undoubtedly the credit squeeze has had a sobering effect, notably on speculators; but generally speaking the Colony's economic state of health is reasonably good.

To assess the official revenue position is rather less easy, but the indications are it has fallen not far short of expectations, and that when the financial year ends next March, there will be something of a surplus, though this will principally be due to pruning in expenditure.

Politically it has been a quiet twelve months for Hongkong. Relations with the mainland have remained stable and the atmosphere along the border has been tranquil. In Hongkong itself there has been a happy absence of political agitation, labour troubles have not seriously intruded themselves, and the Colony has presented a calm and ordered appearance.

In the field of endeavour much has been accomplished. In the expansion of social services, squatter resettlement, rehousing and improved sanitation. The functions of the Urban Council have assumed a new significance and with further expansion promised, next year may well see an important step made towards municipal government.

By and large it has been a good year. Living costs have tended to become more stable, permitting more satisfactory family budgeting. There has been the usual quota of squatter fires, but none of them approaching the scale of major disasters such as Shek Kip Mei two years ago. Public health figures are acceptable. Looking back on 1955, there is much for which the Colony can feel thankful.

CYPRUS DISPUTE SOLVED—Makarios

Question Of
Time Only
PRELATE TO MEET
HARDING AGAIN

Nicosia, Dec. 30.

Archbishop Makarios said tonight that he "personally" considers the Cyprus dispute with Britain "solved" and acceptance of a working solution "simply a question of time."

The Cypriot nationalist leader, in a statement to the Cyprus radio, said:

"As the people of Cyprus have taken the irrevocable decision to regain their freedom, and as the British Government has recognised the existence of a problem calling for a fair and honourable resolution, I, personally, consider the Cyprus question to be solved."

"The solution is simply a question of time." Makarios made his somewhat ambiguous statement in response to a question from a Cyprus radio correspondent. Makarios was asked to comment on reports here that new talks would begin between himself and Governor-General Sir John Harding.

It was rumoured that announcement of a settlement was about to be made and that the Archbishop would make a statement.

It was hoped any settlement would end the reign of terror against Britons who have placed this island under military control in an effort to hang on to their last Middle East stronghold.

Makarios's statement coincided with a flow of rumours that started on the return to Athens of Greek Government emissary Alexis Liatis.

Liatis conferred with both Makarios and Harding during his stay here. Some sources close to the Archbishop and his chief advisers said a peace formula had been reached and it only remained to "coat the pill" for public consumption.

Liatis, head of the diplomatic bureau of the Greek Foreign Office, arrived here on Christmas Eve.

ATHENS STATEMENT

A communique issued last Saturday said Liatis informed Makarios of the talks between Greek Foreign Minister M. Triantafyllidis and then British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan in Paris.

A statement by Theodoros in Athens last night said Greece did not plan on further top level talks between Foreign Ministers and did not intend to submit the Cyprus issue to the United Nations.

(Official quarters in London said Greece intended to search for settlement with Britain

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 2: Jane Roberts picks her 10 best films of the year.

P. 5: A stolen kiss made Colonel Baker the strong man of the Balkans, by Alan Jenkins.

P. 6: The world's strangest secret society, by Terence Feely. Nonsense laws, by Michael Sutton.

P. 7: Where they PAY you to buy a car, by Evelyn Irons. The Galskell story, part II, by George Gale.

P. 8: How to be a Personality, by Thomas Wiseman.

P. 13: The great spy scandal, by Rebecca West. Russell Spurr writes on Burma today—a land of misery and discontent.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Bulganin's
Surprise
Invitation

Moscow, Dec. 30.

Premier Nikolai Bulganin tonight invited top foreign diplomats to a Kremlin New Year's eve party where they will be able to discuss the implications of the Soviet attack on President Eisenhower.

It will be the first time foreigners have been included among the guests for the annual celebration.

It will also be the first direct contact between Western envoys and the Soviet leaders since Bulganin and Communist Party chief Nikita S. Khrushchev condemned the President's Christmas message to the Eastern European peoples. Some Western Ambassadors still were uncertain about some of the points Bulganin and Khrushchev made in their addresses to the Supreme Soviet (parliament) yesterday.

QUESTIONS READY
It is diplomatic custom here for envoys to be able to approach the Soviet leaders for informal consultations at parties and receptions. Westerners already were armed with questions to present at the New Year's celebration.

The invitation to the Kremlin party was in itself of considerable significance. Never before has foreigners been invited to see the top Soviet leaders usher in the New Year.

The invitation went to the heads of all diplomatic missions. US Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen, back from Leningrad where he saw the opening of an American production of "Porgy and Bess," was expected to join other Western envoys.—United Press.

Death Toll Rises

San Francisco, Dec. 30. The death toll in the California floods rose to 47 today as rescue workers found more victims.—Reuter.

Cheers All Round
For Marshall
& Abdul Rahman

Singapore, Dec. 31.

Newspapers and the man-in-the street in Malaya last night united in congratulating the chief ministers of Malaya and Singapore on their stand against Malaya's Communist terrorists.

The general view was that the outcome of the Baling "peace" talks this week was that they had clearly demonstrated who were the lovers of peace and who were against the people.

English and vernacular newspapers of Malaya generally took the line that Tengku Abdul Rahman and Mr. David Marshall, chief ministers of Malaya and Singapore, and Sir Cheng Lock Tan, president of the Malayan Chinese Association, who faced the Communists at the talks, had, rightly, taken a very firm stand at a crucial point in Malaya's history.

The Nanyang Siang Pau, a Chinese newspaper, wrote: "From our stand as Malayan people we wish to offer this sincere advice to the MCP: during the past seven years the MCP under their policy of armed struggle, has written down a bloody record in causing much loss of life and property to the Malayan people who cannot be expected all at once to forget such atrocities."

Another Chinese newspaper, commenting on the talks, said: "Even if the MCP were dissolved and not allowed to form a new party, the law would not be able to prevent party members from joining other legitimate parties, or, worse still, from forming a new party by utilizing puppets."

AMPLE GRACE

The Straits Times in an editorial says: "The decision to end the amnesty on February 8 gives the Communists ample grace."

"As all surrender terms are to be withdrawn, the next 40 days quite literally will be fearful. The failure of the amnesty has disguised the fact that the number of surrenders has risen this year. The total is 245 compared with 210 last year. But the surrender rate was not increased by the increased tempo of operations together may bring a change. The terrorist who has had enough of it has a better chance to escape his comrades when the pressure is on, while the deadline will give him an incentive."

The Singapore Tiger Standard, a Chinese-owned English language newspaper, says in an editorial today that the failure of the talks clears all doubts that Chin Peng, leader of Malaya's Communists, is more securely tied to the apron strings of the dictators in Peking than was believed.

OTHER REACTIONS

Typical man-in-the-street comment was as follows: An advertising agent: "Congratulations to the Tengku and Mr. Marshall. Although Marshall spoke less I think he hit the nail on the head when he told Chin Peng to get off his pedestal."

A woman company secretary: "The efforts of the ministers to end the emergency have not been wasted. Now we know who wants war and who seeks peace."

A bank clerk: "I do not think we should give the Communists time to negotiate with them."

A British soldier: "Now that the talks are over we can get on with the job and go all out against the terrorists."—Reuter.

US Will
Hold On To
Okinawa

Washington, Dec. 30. The United States plan to hold Okinawa Island, off Japan, for many more years, Mr. Walter Bruecker, Army Secretary, told a press conference today.

The island, he said, was one of the strategic strongholds on the Pacific perimeter and since it faced continental China, must remain very strong for the future.

Mr. Bruecker, who visited the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy near Formosa during a tour of the Pacific from which he has just returned, said it did not look as though the Chinese Communists were preparing an attack on the Nationalist islands, nor did there seem any sign of the Communist Chinese trying to find out what the United States would do if they attack these islands.

FOUR POINTS

Mr. Bruecker made the following further points:
1. Air control over Quemoy could only be seized by Communist Chinese at the cost of heavy losses.
2. The Nationalist Chinese are straining at the leash, feel they are bound hand and foot, and declare they are ready to undertake any mission.
3. American forces stationed on the dividing line between North and South Korea are prepared against any Communist aggressive action.
4. Okinawa's defences are mobile and in a constant state of alert. They include the 280 millimetre atomic gun.—France Press.

NEW BORDER CLASH

London, Dec. 30. Israel radio claimed tonight that Egyptian and Israeli patrols had fired on each other for two hours today along the Gaza strip.

The radio said, the clash in which no casualties were reported was the result of a new Egyptian "aggression" against Israel.

The radio quoting an Israeli army spokesman said this morning Egyptian outposts along the Gaza strip opened mortar and machine gun fire on an Israeli patrol moving along the armistice line in the Kibbutz area.

"The patrol returned the fire and continued on its way" the radio said.

"After some time, the Egyptians renewed their attack firing mortars and using an anti-aircraft gun and the exchange continued for two hours."—Reuter.

BIG GATHERING BIDS
FAREWELL
TO GENERAL SUGDEN

A large and distinguished assemblage including members of Executive and Legislative Councils and Service Commanders and their ladies bid farewell to Lieutenant-General Sir Cecil Sugden, KCB, CBE, Commander, British Forces, Hongkong, and Lady Sugden, at Queen's Pier this morning.

Sir Cecil and Lady Sugden afterwards left for Kai Tak in the General's barge, escorted by three Royal Navy gunboats.

General Sugden has been appointed the new Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces in Northern Europe.

A guard of honour was provided by the First Battalion of The King's Own Regiment under the command of Capt. L. H. Nash. The guard was drawn up in smart formation in front of the Pier with the Regimental Band under the direction of Bandmaster Russell taking up a position to the rear.

Shortly before 8 a.m. General Sugden arrived at the Pier escorted by a Police motor cycle squad. He was accompanied by Lady Sugden, and attended by his ADC.

GENERAL SALUTE
On arrival at the Pier, General Sugden was given the General Salute, after which he inspected the guard of honour.

General and Lady Sugden then said farewell to their well-wishers before embarking on the barge for Kai Tak.

Among the distinguished gathering were Brigadier R. H. Bellamy (Deputy Commander, Land Forces, Hongkong), Commodore J. H. Unwin (Commander-in-Charge, Hongkong), Air Commodore A. D. Messenger (Air Officer Commanding), H.E. the Governor's ADC (Mr. R. W. White), the Hon. J. M. Hogan (Chief Justice), the Hon. Arthur Hooton, QC, the Hon. B. C. K. Hawkins, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, the Hon. T. L. Bowring, the Hon. K. C. Yee, the Hon. D. R. Holmes, the Hon. Sir Man-iam Lo, the Hon. T. N. Chiu, the Hon. Leo D'Almeida, QC, the Hon. Michael Turner, the Hon. John Keswick, Dr. the Hon. S. N. Chau, the Hon. M. W. Lo, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee, the Hon. Cedric Blaker, the Hon. Kwok Chan, Dr. the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, Mr. A. C. Maxwell (Commiss-

FAMED POET
KILLED

Melbourne, Dec. 30. Rex Ingamells, 42, regarded as one of Australia's greatest poets, was killed today near Dimboola, Victoria, when his car overturned, crushing him against the steering wheel. His son, Spencer, 10, was taken to hospital with head and back injuries. Ingamells was best known for "Great South Land", an 8,000-word novel in verse which won the Australian Literature Society's Gold Medal for 1951.—United Press.

Compton Has An
Operation

London, Dec. 30. Denis Compton, the England and Middlesex cricketer, tonight underwent a minor abdominal operation and his condition was afterwards stated to be completely satisfactory. Compton had entered hospital, where he had his right knee cap removed last month, earlier in the day. He will remain in hospital for another week or ten days.—China Mail Special.

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TOKYO
San Francisco
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Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon. Tel. 64096

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KING'S 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
AND MONDAY
"TO HELL AND BACK"
EXTRA DAILY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

KING'S * PRINCESS

TO-DAY

The true-life story of America's most decorated hero... **AUDIE MURPHY**

TO HELL AND BACK

TECHNICOLOR

AUDIE MURPHY

... MARSHALL THOMPSON - CHARLES DRAKE - GREG PHILIP - JACK KELLY

... JESSE LUGGS -

PRINCESS EXTRA SHOWS TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.
A Combined Programme of Technicolor Cartoons
"MIGHTY MOUSE" "DONALD DUCK" Etc. Etc.
presented by RKO-DISNEY & 20th CENTURY-FOX

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.10 p.m.

Dosani & Desai present A Superb Indian Film

"TEEN SARDAR"

Starring Ranjana — Mahipal — Mangla — Kesri

Directed by Sadar Joshi — Music by Sham Kambale

At Regular Prices

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 11.30 A.M.

Columbia presents

Glenn Ford • Barbara Stanwyck • Edward G. Robinson
in **"THE VIOLENT MEN"**
in CinemaScope & Color by Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60140, 60248

OPENS TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

LIFE-INSPIRED DRAMA!
FROM LURID CHICAGO'S
ROOB-RULE DAYS TO
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES!

DORIS DAY-JAMES CAGNEY

Love Me Or Leave Me

... CINEMASCOPE ...

... CAMERON MITCHELL - ROBERT KATH - TOM TULLY ...

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
FIRST MATINEE AT 12.00 NOON

HOLIDAY MATINEE MONDAY: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER AT 12.00
"TARZAN & HIS MATE"
Johnny Weissmuller
Maureen O'Sullivan

LIBERTY AT 12.30
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
Ann Blyth
Edmund Purdom

ORIENTAL SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Directional Stereophonic Sound—Wide Screen

HOWARD HAWKS FILMED IN EGYPT AND FABULOUS!

LAND OF THE PHAROHS

... CINEMASCOPE ...

... JACK HAWKINS - JOAN COLLINS - JEWEL MARY - ALEXIS MINOTIS ...

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW MONDAY
At 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30
"LAND OF THE PHAROHS"

THE 10 BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR

Selected By
Jane Roberts



AND HERE THEY ARE:—

A Star Is Born

East Of Eden

Seven Brides For Seven Brothers

Mr Roberts

Carmen Jones

Marty

The Country Girl

Bad Day At Black Rock

The Dam Busters

Gate Of Hell

TO pick the ten best films of the year is always a risky business. The shrieks of scorn and derision with which the critic's choice is received provoke even the mildest tempered into the rejoinder "Well, to me they are!"

Not being in the latter category, I am prepared to do battle with any misguided beings who do not agree with my selections—the weapons, at this time of goodwill to be not more lethal than sharp words.

★ For a start, "A Star Is Born." The remarkable performance of Judy Garland could not have been bettered by any other actress. It was nothing to do with the fact that this picture was the vehicle chosen for her return to the screen. Her acting was superlatively good and stood on its merits alone. James Mason's supporting role was one of his best ever, and the picture was well directed and edited.

★ As the second, "East Of Eden." In spite of his youthful Garbo tricks, James Dean was a great loss to the screen. He has already proved that he was a good actor—with more experience he would probably have become a great one. His death a few months ago deprived both the theatre and the cinema of a dynamic yet thoughtful personality and whatever he did in his private life was entirely his own business with no bearing on his professional career. However, "East Of Eden" is not only to be commended for the presence in it of James Dean, Julie Harris showed that a plain face is often more of an asset in the acting field than is a pretty one. Unconcerned with which profile must be kept to the camera, the former can

concentrate on the business in hand. Raymond Massey too contributed to my enjoyment of the picture and Jo Van Fleet's performance as the complex mother of the boy is one of my memories of the year.

★ In third place, "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers." The best musical of the year ripped along at a terrific pace, had an unusual story, and brought a new dancing personality to the fore in Rufe Tambo.

★ As fourth, "Mr Roberts." This I would have placed higher had it not depended to such a great extent on Henry Fonda. The supporting actors were all accomplished and at the time of its release I was wildly enthusiastic, having it marked down for 1st place in this "Ten Best" review. However, in spite of excellent support from William Powell, Jack Lemmon and James Cagney, there was a slight sense of telecasting about it: a series of events revolving around the Mr Roberts of the title appearing to have been stretched a little too far.

its photography alone, but also because of the delicacy of its story. Nothing so far has eclipsed "Rashomon" (I am talking of oriental and continental films alone, excluding British and American for the moment) but "Gate Of Hell" possessed many of the fine qualities of the earlier picture.

In the margin of the list of 20 from which I picked the winners, my rough notes include a tribute to Paul Scott's for "That Lady," a pat on the back for "Hit The Deck," as being nearly as punchy a musical as "Seven Brides" and some kind thoughts about the makers of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" for having resisted the temptation to make the Jules Verne classic too flamboyant, treating the schoolboyish tale with sensitive imagination.

"Rear Window" nearly made the top ten, but my notes to myself tell me I found it too cramped, while "The Constant Husband," though excellent in its way, had limited appeal. "The Living Desert" found a place for breathtaking scenery and a loving observance of the ways of animals. "The Black Widow" for its glossiness and well kept secret, and I also awarded mental marks to "Track of the Cat" and "The Woman For Joe" because of their unusual stories.

1955 has not been a very exciting year for pictures, there have been the usual run of starlets and new male stars who went off like rockets in January, only to fizzle long before the fifth of November and a spattering of steady workers whose ability appeared to increase. I can think of nobody who towers above all others as the screen personality of the year, however, and look forward to 1956 to improve this state of affairs.

★ Of the others in the first ten, I liked "Marty" for its candour and the high standard of acting of the entire cast. Other critics have placed it higher than sixth on the basis of Ernest Borgnine's performance alone. However, I found it too sordid, and not exciting enough to take precedence over any of the previous five.

★ "The Country Girl" was undoubtedly well made and all three principals—Grace Kelly, Bing Crosby and William Holden—put up a good show. It's in seventh position because happy-go-lucky Bing was still fleetingly visible behind the drunken, self-pitying fellow he was supposed to be, and Miss Kelly has to be very very good indeed to overcome the chilliness that seems to envelop her like a fog.

★ "Bad Day At Black Rock" was remarkable for the performance of Spencer Tracy. With an absence of histrionics he dealt quietly but commandingly with a bunch of rowdies all the more dangerous because their mistrust of him was based on fear and their inferior intelligence.

★ I have included "The Dam Busters" because it was an episode that occurred during the war, presented without mock heroics but without that under-statement that in British pictures is becoming a little dated. Also of course for the superb performance of Michael Redgrave as Dr. Wallis, the scientist who designed the bouncing bomb used in the Ruhr valley. "Gate Of Hell" has got in, not on the merits of

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

— SHOWING TO-DAY —

THE MOST NOTORIOUS
TEMPTRESS
IN HISTORY

EMILE ZOLA'S
IMMORTAL
CLASSIC

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TECHNICOLOR
MARTINE CAROL
CHARLES BOYER

Distributed by United French Film Ltd. WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

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ALHAMBRA

5 SHOWS
SUNDAY & MONDAY
EXTRA PERFORMANCES AT 11.30 A.M.

5 SHOWS
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EXTRA PERFORMANCES AT 11.30 A.M.

EMPIRE

FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GUARANTEES YOU A BIG LAUGH!
YOUR MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED!

VISTAVISION
MARTIN LEWIS
YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
DIANA LYNN NINA FOGH
RAYMOND HAYES
Presented by RKO
Produced by RKO
Screenplay by RKO
Directed by RKO
Music by RKO
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Costumes by RKO
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COMMENCING TO-MORROW

BAD BOY

A FALL SHORT PRODUCTION
Starring
LLOYD NOLAN - JAMES GLEASON
JAN WYATT - AUDIE MURPHY
STANLEY CLEMENTS - VICKERS - MURPHY

SPECIAL MORNING SHOWS AT 11.00 A.M.

1st January (SUNDAY) "DUEL IN THE JUNGLE" in Technicolor
Jeanne Dana David CRAIN ANDREWS FARRAR
2nd January (MONDAY) "THE IRON MISTRESS" in Technicolor
Alan Virginia LADD MAYO
Reduced Prices At 40 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00 Only

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd Big Week!—Now Showing the 9th Day!
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

HERE COMES THE SAGA OF THE TALL MEN
AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED THEM!

20th CENTURY FOX presents
CLARK GABLE ROBERT RYAN
with CAMERON MITCHELL
THE TALL MEN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON
ROXY BROADWAY

A BRAND NEW VARIETY PROGRAMME OF
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First Time to be shown in Hongkong

All in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

CAPITOL CITY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

VISTAVISION
JAMES STEWART ALLYSON
JUNE
"Strategic Air Command"
Color by TECHNICOLOR

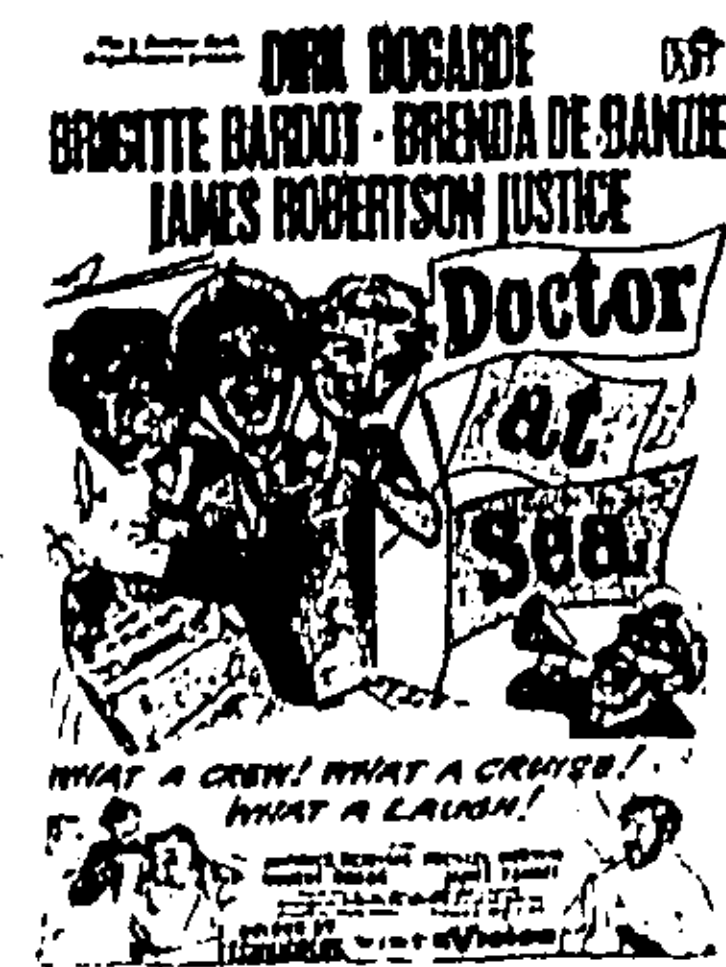
FRANK LOVEJOY - ALEX NICOL - GARRY SULLIVAN - BRUCE BENNETT

Produced by SAMUEL E. BRUSHKIN - Directed by ANTHONY MANN
Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES and BEATRICE LAY, Jr.
Story by Robert Lay, Jr. - A Paramount Picture

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 P.M.
Paramount presents "HOUND IN"
RKO Radio presents "SWORD & THE ROSE"
Color by Technicolor

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.— Reduced Prices —
"DON WINSLOW OF THE
COAST GUARD"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A NEW MAYFLOWER WILL
CROSS THE ATLANTIC

Brixham. The first rib of the good ship Mayflower was put on the keel last week. Work is coming along fine, but the man who is building the ship could do with less advice from historians of the American colonial days.

Gift To America

The Mayflower II, a replica of the tiny three-master that carried the pilgrims to New England in 1620, is being built in Upham's ancient shipyard in this

small fishing village 250 miles west of London. Next July 4 the new Mayflower will sail from Plymouth to the United States where the \$25,000 ship will be presented to America as a gift from the British people.

The builder is Stuart Upham, a weatherbeaten Devonshire man whose family has turned out wooden ships in these same yards for 150 years. He and his engineers have done painstaking research on the Mayflower and shipbuilding of 300 years ago and they have had no shortage of suggestions.

"Those b***** historians," said Upham. "They give me a ruddy pain. They say the ship must be accurate in every detail and the voyage must be exactly as it was in 1620."

Constipation Fear

"Mind you, it should be accurate. But you just can't make these people go across in the same conditions as those others. I mean, they were in a hurry to get away and they just

picked out an old second-hand ship and off they went.

"I tell these historians that if the voyage is just the same, everybody aboard will have two weeks of constipation because of the hardback. That puts them back a bit."

"And then we would have to take care of scurvy. And, of course, there would have to be about six deaths aboard. When I finish saying that, they think a bit."

Upham has 25 men working on the Mayflower. Three or four work at one time, using the ancient tools and methods of shipbuilders long ago. The yard is piled high with tons of tree trunks brought from the forests of Devon. The hull will be of solid West of England oak and Upham would have it no other way.

"We know now where the hotspots are," Upham said. "It's in the rigging mostly. No one knows how these old ships were rigged. But the actual building, that isn't hard. I mean to say, shipbuilding hasn't changed much in all that time."

Rough Crossing

No one has done much about the interior design. The old Mayflower had one big room where everyone slept. But Upham is all for putting in modern cabins. He predicts that the crossing, which will take between one and two months, will be rough. But whatever happens one of the 20th Century pilgrims aboard the Mayflower II will be Stuart Upham.—United Press.

What Migrants
Have Done
For Australia

Melbourne. With 1,000,000 postwar immigrants in hand, Australia is now looking for her second million.

The arrival recently of Australia's "millionth", Mrs Barbara Porritt, from Yorkshire, was the occasion of some stock-taking among Government, press and public, for it is estimated that each immigrant requires a national investment of £2,150 before he becomes productive.

On the credit side, however, these benefits, derived from immigration, were listed:

- ★ 45 per cent of the postwar increase in population;
- ★ 75 per cent of the growth in the postwar working force;
- ★ Production bottlenecks broken;
- ★ An increase of nearly 1,000,000 tons a year in ingot steel;
- ★ A saving in overseas balances for steel of £272,000,000 a year;
- ★ Increased availability of steel iron wire for housing and primary producers;
- ★ Increased of 81 per cent in electric power generation.

Mr Harold Holt, the Minister for Immigration, said the increased labour force had made possible the building of steel plants and country roads, and the development of the great rural industries as well as stepping up factory production.

On the great Snowy Mountains hydro-electric power project, in the Australian Alps, immigrant labour in the different sections varied from 52 per cent to 90 per cent, while on the Eldon Weir, in Victoria, 65 per cent of the workers were immigrants; on the Rocklands Dam, 50 per cent and on the Morwell brown coal gasification, 80 per cent.

Railways, new industrial undertakings such as the aluminium production scheme in Tasmania, the oil refineries in Western Australia, Victoria and New South Wales have all drawn heavily on immigrant labour.—China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Henry made a New Year resolution to get along with people—I must admit he's getting along fine with that one he's been dancing with all evening!"

COMMERCIAL TV ADS
ARE JUST
TOO TOO ENGLISH!

London. For years travellers have been coming back from across the Atlantic with horror stories about American television commercials.

That urgent, strident selling must not happen here, they said. So when commercial television came to Britain about three months ago, it was with the idea of coaxing and suggesting where an American might insist and demand.

Cultured, pearl-shaped vowels cooed soothingly from the little screen. For example, Whiffington-Joneses crumpets were not flung across the living room as power-packed with vitamins, completely calorie-free and with the heartburn removed by a new exclusive process. Too American.

Utterly British

"Do try Whiffington-Joneses crumpets," was the utterly British approach. "You will enjoy them."

Well, it was certainly different—may be too much so. For commercial television recently cut some of its advertising rates. This can only mean that the customers aren't buying enough of what the well-bred ladies and gentlemen of British commercial TV are selling.

The tendency here is to blame it all on the prevarications, the compromises. But you have to sell your crumpets, and you have to sell them, and wouldn't

it be ironic if that vulgar American method turned out right after all? Although it is losing an estimated £5,000 a day, British commercial TV is a fairly healthy baby. Its officials said they expected to lose money at the start, battling against the well-entrenched BBC which is supported by the £3 annual licence from every one of the nation's 6,000,000 setowners.

Americans Popular

But it seems amusing to Americans that the competition between the two British networks might hinge, on which one manages to buy the most U.S. programmes or programme ideas.

Commercial television bought "I Love Lucy." The BBC countered with "I Married Joan."

Commercial TV has "Beat the Clock" and "Double or Nothing." The BBC has "What's My Line" and "Amos and Andy."

Commercial television has just announced the adventures of "Dennis." Its biggest audience show, "Sunday Night at the Palladium," has been packed with American acts, visiting here—Bob Hope, Johnny Ray and Guy Lombardo.—United Press.

'We Can't
Set The World
On Fire'

London. Nobody can set the world on fire, a British physicist said in an article published this month. Professor Maurice Pryce, who took over the Theoretical Physics Division at Britain's Harwell Atomic Establishment, dismisses contentions by some scientists that an atomic explosion could set fire to the earth's atmosphere and thus destroy every living thing in the world.

Writing in the Scientific Journal "Discovery," Dr Pryce argues that however powerful the trigger mechanism—in the form of a man-made bomb—the ordinary hydrogen in the atmosphere and oceans would be dispersed before it could catch fire.

Dr Pryce also notes that nuclear reactions in the stars need very high temperatures and pressures and even then energy is released over eons and not in an explosion.

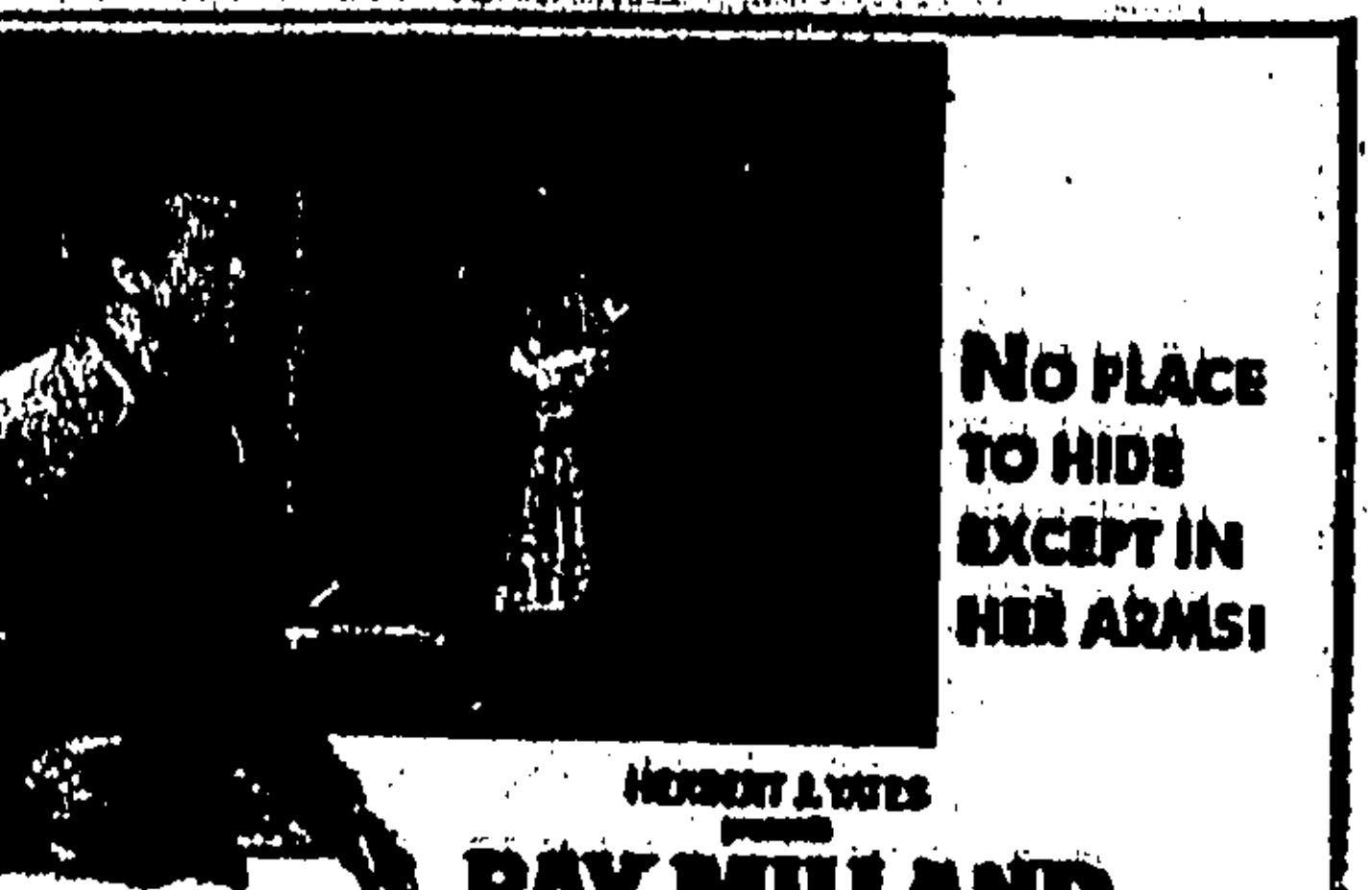
Furthermore, the hydrogen bomb works only because it is made of carefully selected materials, which have to be greatly elaborated industrial processes.

"This implies that no self-sustaining thermonuclear reaction is possible under terrestrial conditions," he concluded.—United Press.

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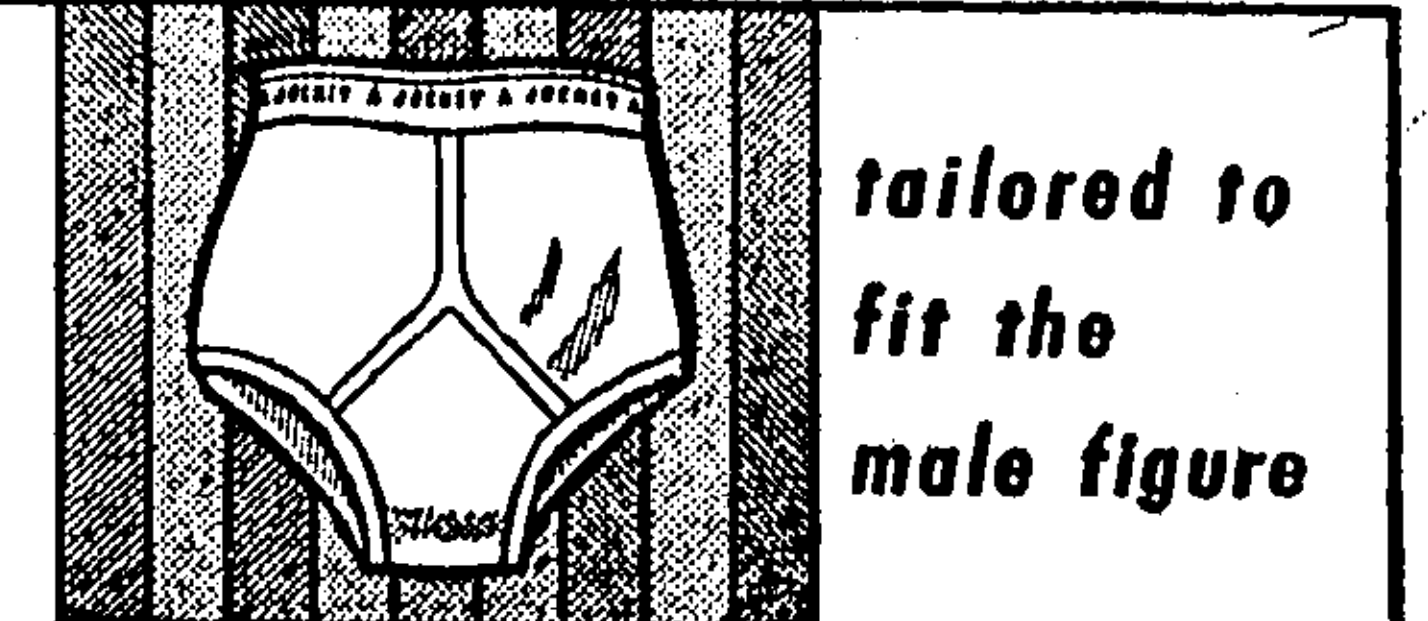
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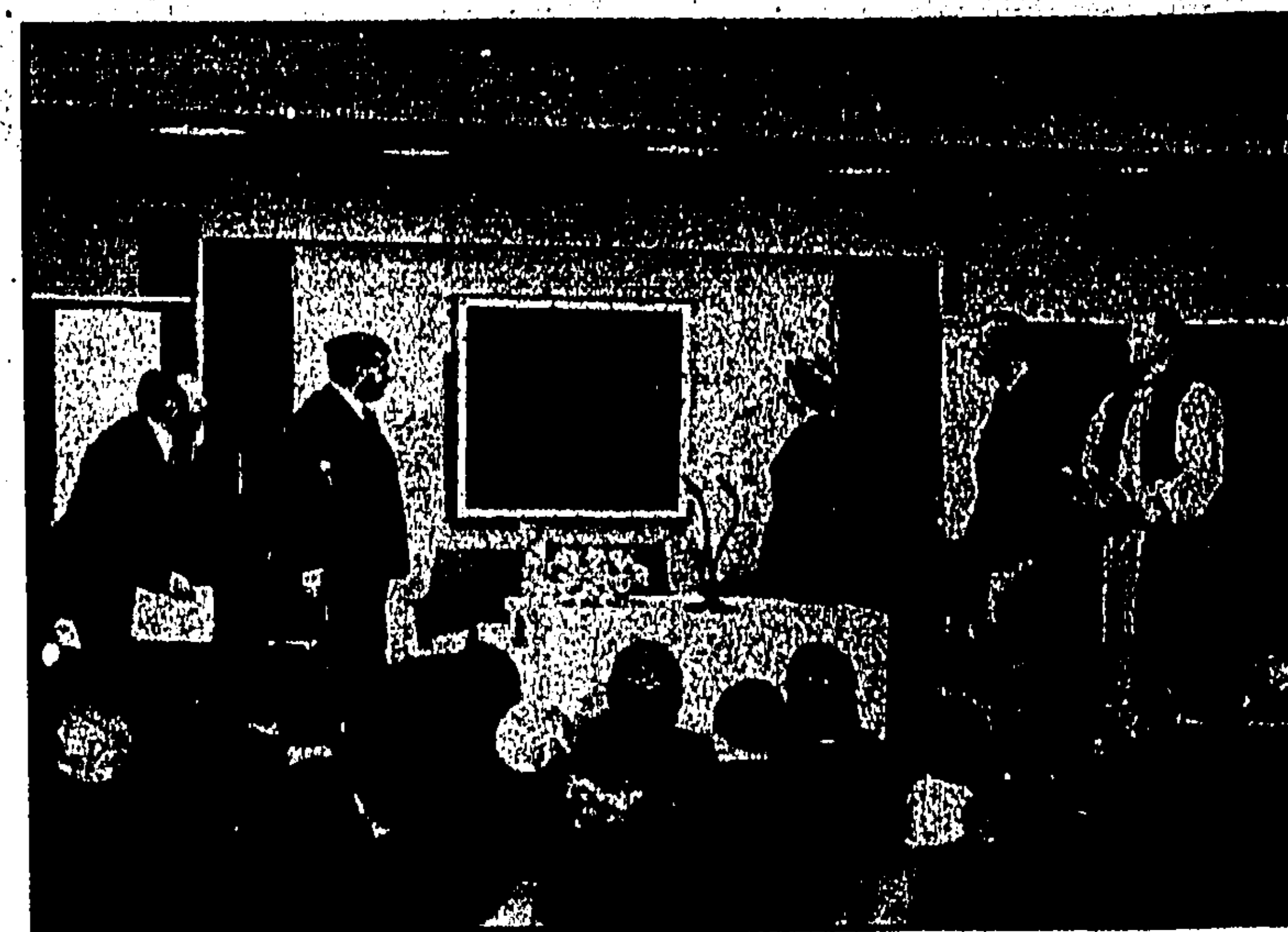
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



MR Colin Tennant, one of Princess Margaret's greatest friends, is to marry 23-year-old Lady Anne Coke. They are seen here at the Royal College of Arts ball in London. Mr Tennant has escorted the Princess often to the theatre. Lady Anne Coke was a maid of honour to the Queen at the Coronation. (Express)



LEFT: Mr Edward Portman, 21-year-old nephew of Viscount Portman, and his bride-to-be, 20-year-old Rosemary Farris, granddaughter of the village blacksmith of Coombe Bissett (pop. 248). He is an agricultural student. (Express)



HER Majesty the Queen unveiling a plaque to commemorate the opening of the new Central Terminal Building at London Airport. She is accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Minister of Transport, Mr John Boyd-Carpenter. (Express)



ONE man distinctly displeased by the election of Mr Hugh Gaitskell to the leadership of the Labour Party is 79-year-old Lord Amwell, who resigned from the Party shortly after news of Gaitskell's victory. Lord Amwell, formerly Fred Montague, sold newspapers at 12, became a worker in London's Caledonian Market, and was made a baron in 1947. He is a Morrison man. (Express)



LONDON'S ritzy Mayfair Hotel was the scene of a charity dance in aid of invalid children. Many notable figures in society turned up for the affair, voted one of the most successful of the season. Picture shows Mr Billy Wallace with Miss Judy Montague. (Express)



ONE of the most promising young newcomers to the screen, Italian charmer Anna Maria Sandri, is here seen with British actor Anthony Steel on location in Libya for "The Black Tent," an adventure story set among the Bedouin tribes. (Express)



THE great cricketer, Sir Jack Hobbs, reading congratulatory telegrams on his 73rd birthday. He is very fit, plays golf regularly, and looks after a sports business in London. (Express)



BELOW: The Christmas wish of a 10-year-old girl from behind the Iron Curtain came true last week when she met her mother for the first time in seven years. Regina Koubkova from Czechoslovakia is seen with her mother, Mrs Georgina Barton, of Edgware, and father. (Express)

ADMIRAL Sir Michael Denny, who has just retired as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, with some of the 33 dolls which he has collected on his travels. They are all different, and dressed in their distinctive national costumes. (Express)



BRITISH actress Lynette Mills, 18, had to learn to roller skate by Christmas for a television play, so she had to betake herself to a rink and learn the art she neglected in childhood. As you can see, she didn't have a very happy time. (Express)



BACK home in England after a motor-cycle tour of 25 countries are 38-year-old Ernest Bell, of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, and Valerie Wells, 22, of Teddington, Middlesex. Their 16-month trip saw them dining with rajahs and Arab chiefs, camping out in forest and desert, and getting in and out of many narrow escapes. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



For Those in Peril on The Road, etc.

by Cities



"HURRY ALONG, CHUM, THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED—ELEPHANTS."

London Express Service

A STOLEN KISS

... in a railway carriage ruined Colonel Baker, made him the Strong Man of the Balkans and gave Egypt a mounted police force....

By Alan Jenkins

ONE June afternoon in 1876 a plate-layer on the railway line near Woking noticed something unusual about the up train to Waterloo. A young woman was standing on the footboard, clinging to the open door of a carriage and screaming for help.

The plate-layer signalled to the engine driver who jammed on his brakes. The guard came panting along the track, took notes and handed the girl over to the care of a clergyman in the next coach. A well-dressed man of 48, protesting furiously, was locked in another compartment.

The train proceeded to Waterloo, where names and addresses were taken. The well-dressed man, whose name was Colonel Valentine Baker, and the girl, a Miss Rebecca Kate Dickinson, were then allowed to go.

Miss Dickinson went home and told her brother, a barrister, what had occurred. Next day Colonel Baker was arrested.

Well, what had occurred? Something that was to change Val Baker's whole life, and also the face of the Near East. If he hadn't done it, in a moment of madness—possibly quite light-headed or slightly intoxicated madness—we might have forgotten him.

Because of a Kiss

He had kissed a pretty girl in a railway carriage. Because of that Turkey got a modern army, Egypt got a police force, Russian plans for aggressive expansion were checked, and the Union Jack was unfurled over the Sudan.

For Val Baker, Assistant Quartermaster-General of the British Army, friend of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge (with whom he was to have dined on the evening of that unfortunate day), was regarded as Britain's most promising soldier.

He had passed brilliantly out of Sandhurst in 1898. Joining the 15th Lancers, he had fought bravely in both the Kaffir and the Basuto Wars. He had served in India, planted tea and shot elephants in Ceylon. And he had turned up in the Crimea to witness the siege of Sebastopol.

Eventually he had got his regiment, the 10th Lancers, and in 14 years raised it to such efficiency and renown that he was known to his brother officers as "Baker of the Tenth."

Such was the man with the drooping moustache who stood in the dock at Croydon. As Miss Dickinson gave evidence against him, she had boarded the train at Midhurst, Sussex, where she lived, and had a first-class compartment all to herself. As she sat there, she saw Colonel Baker get in and sit opposite her. He chatted with her, and all went well until, waking, she found herself alone. Then she noticed that the door was open.

"Get away from me... I won't have you so near!" she cried. Then she told the court, "he put his arms round me and kissed me."

She pulled the communication cord, but it didn't work. By now, the colonel was imploring her not to make such a fuss. Did she want to ruin his Army career and his position in society?

It seemed that she did. The case at Croydon rocked the country. All the defensive skill of Mr Henry Hawkins, Q.C., was in vain. Mr Justice Brett was indignant almost to the point of apoplexy. "The mere laying of a man's hand on a woman," he rumbled, "amounts to a common assault."

Sent to Prison

Val Baker was fined £500 and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment. Shortly afterwards the following item appeared in the London Gazette: Lieut.-Colonel, Brevet Colonel, Valentine Baker, half pay, late 10th Lancers, has been removed from the Army. Her Majesty having no further occasion for his services.

That, in 1876, would have been the end of most men. But not Val Baker. True, he had powerful friends. Royalty among them. For several years afterwards they never stopped petitioning the Queen and the War Office to give Baker his commission back. But it couldn't be done. You cannot un-cashier an officer.

And where was the man all the fuss was about? No longer



Colonel Valentine Baker: a moment's madness made him Baker Pasha.

in England. On his release from prison he had chosen as his popular refuge as could be imagined: the Turkey of Abdul the Damned, the vicious Sultan whose ambition was to become "Caliph of all the Moslems." Turkey, which had roused all Britain to fury by the Bulgarian atrocities.

For the Bakers had a family connection with Turkey. Val's elder brother, Samuel, had helped to build the first railway there. The Sultan needed Western advisers. Western technical know-how. Above all, he needed a police force and an efficient army.

One year later Baker had organised a Turkish gendarmerie. Two years later he was a Major-General in Abdul's army, on the famous Mehmet Ali's staff. He had an infantry division of his own and had trained it well

saved their faces, he asked for another job. He was given the task of carrying out reforms in the government of Armenia, where the Sultan was beginning to think that atrocities had perhaps been rather overdone.

Meanwhile, brother Samuel (by now Sir Samuel Baker Pasha) had moved to Egypt and beyond. He had taken 1,500 rather reluctant Egyptian troops with him on an expedition to find the second source of the Nile. He had spent some time trying to suppress slavery in the Sudan. He, too, had written books about his exploits. But he had left Egypt in a troubled and rebellious condition.

The British envoy, a friend of both the Bakers, advised the Khedive to send for Valentine. What Egypt needed, he said, was an efficient police force such as Valentine had given Turkey.

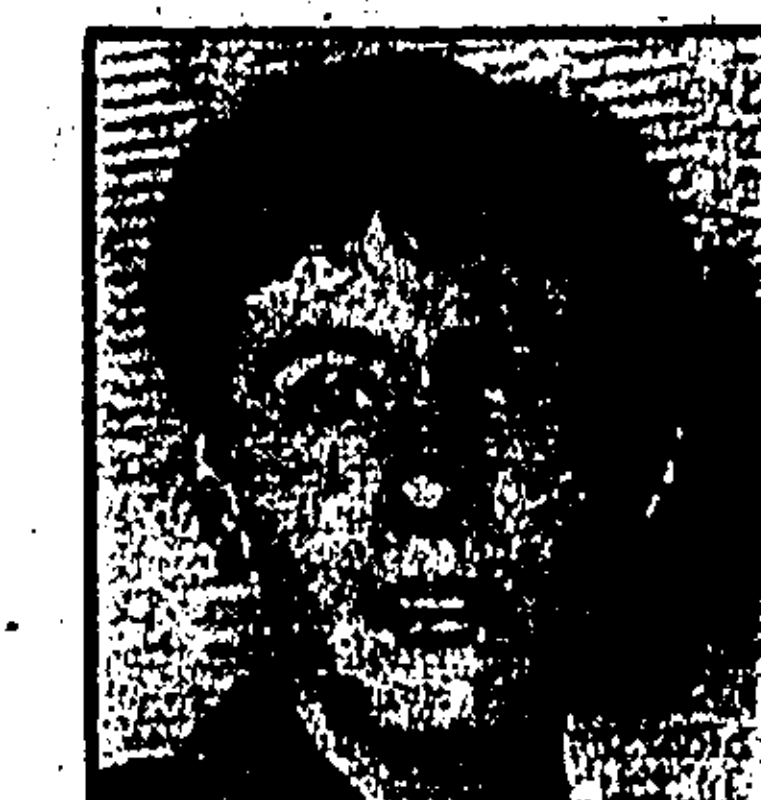
Pasha too

By now, Valentine was a Pasha too. The Khedive appointed him Inspector-General of the new Egyptian Constabulary, a force of 4,400 men and 2,562 horses.

Baker realised at once that the Egyptian Constabulary must be a crack force—a reserve for the army. And as an old cavalry officer, he naturally concentrated on the "mounties" (still today the pride of Egypt, with their white uniforms and red turbans).

A mission awaited those Egyptian police. Osman Digna, Amir of Eastern Sudan, headman of the Mahdi and a powerful slave dealer, was inflicting local tribesmen on the Red Sea coast. Baker Pasha was sent with a motley force of 2,600 men: gendarmes, Negroes, Sudanese, and Turks (with ten British officers) to put things right.

As usual "send for Baker" was the accepted solution to almost any crisis. The Khedive warned him, however, "I rely upon your prudence and ability not to engage the enemy except under the most favourable circumstances."



GILLIAN RICHARDS
A character is essential.

MISS RICHARDS HAS TO SAY PLEASE....

London. Unlike France's literary prodigy who roams freely about the world, Gillian Richards has to ask for permission to go from Oxford for rehearsals of her play to London.

by AMANDA MARSHALL

love, naturally—and composed some sentimental lyrics for Paris clubs. She is in the best tradition of the world's most elegant capital city, a cool, chic little Frenchwoman in a Jaguar. Now take Miss Richards. A level-eyed, dark-haired, soft-voiced girl with an appealing, withdrawn expression, she is a second-year undergraduate reading English at Oxford's most sternly academic women's college, Somerville. She chose Oxford because her father, an entomologist and Professor of Zoology at the Imperial College, went there.

WROTE AT TEN

Where Mademoiselle Sagan has shot into the good free, full life of Jacques (she is on her second packing case, publishing visits to New York and London, and Christmas in Cairo to see the Pyramids). The notice remains calm in the face of it all. She has written the book about her

From the age of ten she wrote plays for home performance, and settled for professional playwrighting as her ambition at the age of 10. A disciplined girl, she devotes term to study, gives two and a half hours each day to her own writing in the vacations only, and visits the theatre about twice a week with her 17-year-old sister.

Where Mademoiselle Sagan is an avowed five specialist, Miss Richards loves Bach, but is not averse to popular music. She likes dancing, but is frankly bored at it. Admires Shakespeare, Donne, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Whiting, Anouilh and Christopher Fry.

Her first two verse plays she has abandoned: one on a worn, classical theme, one written under the intoxicating influence of Shakespearean blank verse. She is now working on a more difficult problem: of a boy's play with a modern setting. Both plays are naturalistic, and are very serious about

their work. Both write about love. Francoise about the variety that is strictly X-film, involving a worldly setting and a good deal of unsanctified passion among varying age-groups. Gillian about idealised love—a medieval boy and girl who have dreamed of each other all their lives, and are suddenly confronted by reality.

HONEST, MATURE

Francoise's prose is sophisticated, deceptively casual, and astonishingly mature. Gillian's poetry is sensitive, honest, metaphysical, personal, tender—and astonishingly mature. Francoise already has her Jaguar. And Gillian, surprisingly, has had six years for luxury and comfort and "a fast, beautiful, and big car with a chauffeur, since I can't drive." The chauffeur, in fact, is on

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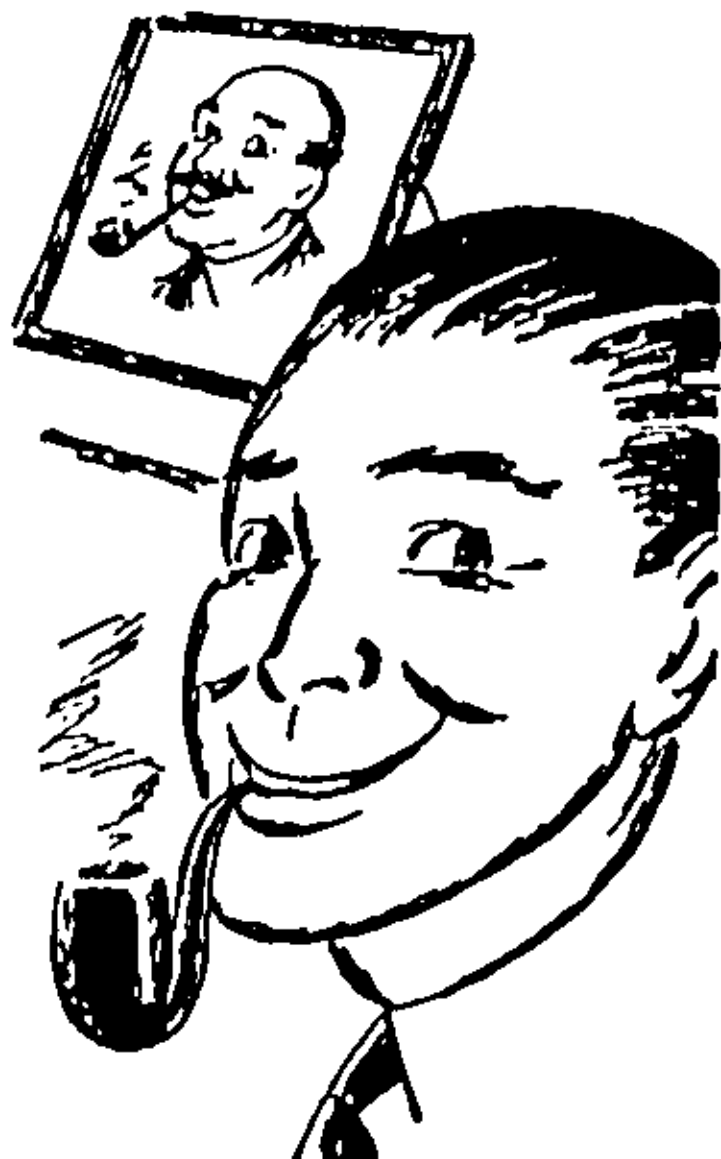
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INSIDE STORY OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST SECRET SOCIETY DOOMED—ONE DRINK FROM DISASTER

By Terence Feely

IT is 3.30 on a cold black morning. In a suburban villa—a businessman's home—the telephone shrills. It has to be.

An arm reaches out from the bedclothes. "Hello?" A broken voice at the other end babbles erratic, crazy half-sentences. The man in bed—instantly alert—cuts them short:

"Hold on, old man, I'm on my way round. Be with you in 20 minutes. For God's sake don't touch the stuff till I get there."

The man is climbing out of bed now. He gropes for his slippers. He keeps the phone to his ear, keeps on talking: "Put the bottle away somewhere. Don't even look at it. Just fight it till I get there..."

Now the man has pulled on his trousers over his pyjamas. His wife grumbles drowsily: "D'you have to go?"

He pauses for a second to look down at his wife. Gently he asks: "Would you really want me not to?" Then he goes out and kicks up the frosty engine of his car.

≡A PRAYER

AS he shuts the front door a decorative wooden plaque swings in the hall. It reads:

"God grant me the serenity to accept those things I cannot change, the courage to change those things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

That is the prayer of Alcoholics Anonymous, one of the most remarkable secret societies in the world today. This man is a member, just one of 250,000.

Britain's share is 5,000, scattered in 80 groups in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. They include several prominent Members of Parliament.

Peers, barristers, solicitors, porters, dockers, clerks, housewives. Thirty percent are women.

They know each other by sight and by first name only. For of all secret societies this is the most secret.

All are alcoholics. Most have been given up as hopeless by the medical profession. Many have lost a great deal—like the one-time Lloyd's underwriter I spoke to.

Drink cost him two wives, two homes, £60,000 and almost his life, before he found AA.

The voice on the other end of the telephone was that of an alcoholic. He was in the grip of the terrible tearing agony that haunts the small hours of the alcoholic. The insane craving, clawing at his inside, for alcohol.

≡URGENCY

DESPITE all their efforts, his wife and family have failed to find and destroy the bottle they know he has hidden somewhere.

Now he has removed it from its hiding place—the lavatory cistern—and is fondling it crazily.

He is a doctor... who cannot aid himself.

The man now speeding towards his mission knows the urgency of his mission.

He has not touched a drink for two and a half years. But he is still an alcoholic himself.

He knows that if he downed just one small sherry tomorrow he would trigger off a liquor debauch that would terrify the average "heavy drinker" who is not an alcoholic.

But with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous he knows he will not have that drink. Not in the next 24 hours, anyway. This is as far as he allows himself to look ahead.

Yesterday is gone. Tomorrow never comes. "But today AA has taught him to say: 'Today I will not take a drink. Tomorrow I'll worry about when it comes.'"

All he and his fellow sufferers could hope for before they joined AA was a life of progressively crazier drinking, leading finally to insanity or an unpleasant death. AA has saved them.

But it has not cured them. There is no cure. They are all—M.P. or fish porter, Peer or labourer—just one drink away from disaster.

That holds good whether they have been sober ten weeks or ten years. Only with the help of AA they do not take that drink.

≡A DAZE

THE man now racing down the dark night roads to the aid of that desperate voice on the telephone is in a daze. Let us call him Smith.

Smith is a prominent businessman. Two and a half years ago he was nearly bankrupt, had driven his wife away and was virtually insane. He had been a practising alcoholic for 15 years.

"During that time," he told me, "I went on business trips to South Africa twice, and repeatedly toured Europe."

"When I came back I could not remember one single detail of anything I had done."

"I couldn't even remember how I had got from place to place. I was in a continual alcoholic daze."

"Now, when I go to places I have been to many times in the past, it is as if I were there for the first time. For even now, those years are largely a complete blank."

"Some things from the past I can dimly remember. I can remember getting up at my table in fashionable restaurants screaming stupid songs."

To onlookers, his behaviour was extraordinary. He did not appear to be drunk. Like many alcoholics, he kept himself perpetually topped up with drink. He looked most normal only when the amount of liquor

in his bloodstream was nudging his sanity.

"So much so," he told me, "that when I was pulled up once for erratic driving I escaped a 'drunk driving' charge by convincing the police I was perfectly sober."

Again and again his perpetual alcoholic twilight would be ripped by savage drinking storms, lasting days, sometimes weeks.

Always he wanted to stop. But he was helpless. Literally. He didn't know it then but, in the opinion of the World Health Organisation, he was as helpless to stop drinking as a compulsive is helpless to stop having TB.

For world medical opinion now believes that alcoholism is a disease. A disease which means that alcohol has a peculiar effect on certain people, setting up an irresistible craving for more.

A disease against which drugs, doctors, psychiatrists and the church seem to be largely impotent. But against which Alcoholics Anonymous has a phenomenal record of success.

Success with nearly 100 percent of cases taken in hand—against an estimated success of two or three percent achieved by all other methods. And without drugs or mechanical aids of any kind.

≡SPONSOR

AND it achieves it on one basic proposition: that an alcoholic can only be helped by another alcoholic.

Smith, driving through the night in his car, knows this. He was saved by other alcoholics—basically by talk, companionship and advice arising out of bitter experience.

Which is why he cannot refuse his help now. And why his wife would not really want him to.

That is why he offered to act as guarantor for the new ship, and told him to ring him up any hour of the day or night when he felt he needed help.

His appointment as "sponsor" to the new man was perfectly informal, as are all the workings of AA.

Someone did it for him when he joined, and he has often done it for others since. Which is why he keeps a bedside telephone.

What is more, Smith knows that in some strange way, helping other drunks makes it easier for him to stay sober. It has been proved that when an alcoholic ceases to help others, he is in the gravest danger of relapsing.

This self-multiplying "help" is one of the greatest strengths of the organisation.

The man he is speeding to let us call him Brown. I have said he is a doctor.

Listen to Brown's story as I heard it.

"I started drinking at university, found I could hold it better than my friends. I was elected president of a drinking society. For three years my drinking was legendary. I did not appear to pay too great a penalty."

"True, I was getting the jitters when I got up in the morning, but 'the hair of the dog' soon put that right."

≡JITTERS

"I WAS a beer drinker. But I lost the kick necessary to stiffen my spine the morning after, and I started on spirits."

"The jitters got worse. Coming up to my final exam in my fifth year, I went on a spree which lasted two days."

In the examination room his hands were shaking so much he could not write. He sat on them to keep them still—and handed in three blank papers.

This was the beginning of 17 years of insane drinking, with one or two periods of sobriety. These usually followed bouts which had led to complete physical collapse and a "drying out" process in a sanatorium.

"During one of my sober spells I got my doctor's degree; during another I set up a practice; during a third I got married."

But up to now the sober spell has always ended with the taking of just one small drink—a single shot of whisky in a glass of milk, for instance. And he has come to himself days, often a week, later in a cheap hotel room.

With no recollection of where he has been, what he has done, how he has financed his "blind" or what his frantic wife is doing. And with queer little creatures peering and squeaking at him out of the wall.

≡PURGATORY

ALL he knows is that he is in purgatory—physically and mentally—and that he will never drink again. But always he does. Sometimes only half an hour later: "The hair of the dog..."

He has tried specialist friends, psychiatrists, hospitals. All useless.

Now he knows he is on the last straight in the alcoholic's death race. Up ahead, not many years away, lies the finishing post—insanity and death.

He has joined AA. They have talked to him, explained their programme, given him Smith to look after him. He has been "dry" for a week.

Now his first real test has come. The sedative he filled himself up with at bedtime has worn off and he is awake.

Awake with every nerve screaming, his pyjamas soaked with the racing sweat every alcoholic knows. Awake with a bottle in his hands.

He knows he is exactly one drink away from another gigantic bender. He knows no one has ever been able to talk him out of that first drink before. But he has heard there is something different about an AA man.

With fluttering hands he has dialled the number of his guardian angel. Cradling the bottle he prays that he may come soon.

Smith, the man he has phoned, is coming up the stairs now. What will he do? How will he defeat the fascination that beckoning bottle has for Brown?

≡TWO THINGS

HE will do nothing sensational. If you were there you would see no melodramatics. He will simply set out, quietly to draw Brown's attention from the bottle and rivet it to himself.

He has two things to help him. In the first place he can talk Brown's kind of language, about the only thing Brown is interested in—violent drinking in all its aspects.

And in the second place, like all arrested alcoholics—he has the "light of the gab."

In all my investigations I rarely met an ex-drinker who could not charm the bottles from the shelves with his talk.

One man put it to me like this: "There's a sense of release and a self-respect that comes when you've licked your own problem. It seems to fill you with the right words, especially when you're out to help someone else."

Smith tries out a simple technique. He tells the story of his own lurid past.

"I remember a 'bender' I went on in 1930..." He points up his own past, viciousness. He despairs at his own rake-hell ride to disaster.

He shows Brown that he is not unique, that the man he is talking to has been in the same hopeless mess. It starts him thinking "Well, if he could get better, so can I."

One more important point. The man has told him "I myself am an alcoholic." And this coaxes Brown, as he recognises

his own symptoms in the man's story, to an all-important point in his treatment—the confession to himself that he must be an alcoholic, too.

There is no other known way of getting him to admit that fact.

So curious is the mind of a drinking alcoholic that he will not even take the word of a medical specialist that he is suffering from alcoholism.

As Brown listens, the conviction is gradually borne hard down upon him that this man knows what he's talking about.

He has forgotten about the bottle. The sharp edge of his desire has blunted. As Smith knew it would.

The electric effect of this kind of experience is best described in the words of a man who has been through it:

"Here was this man—nicely dressed, healthy, prosperous looking—and he was telling me he had been further down in the mud than I was. I knew he was telling the truth. He knew things which only an alcoholic could know."

≡A RELIEF

"IT was obvious he had got something that had beaten alcohol out of sight. I wanted to know what it was."

It is at this point that the drinker will start talking about himself and his own problem:

"The man had told me he was an alcoholic."

"The symptoms he described were so like mine that I couldn't escape the conclusion that I was an alcoholic too, that I had the disease."

"In a queer way that admission was a tremendous relief to me. I felt I was beginning to understand something about my problem. I asked him to tell me more about alcoholism."

Brown has reached that point. And his helper starts to describe how he himself got better.

"I recognised that because of my disease, drink had got me licked, that by myself I was helpless against it. I accepted that only a Higher Power could help me..."

The pale wash of dawn is on the streets as Smith prepares to leave. But before he goes he has one last thing to do.

With Mrs Brown's permission he goes over the house, rooting out and destroying alcohol.

He feels pretty confident Brown will be safe for what is left of the night. But there is no point in leaving temptation in his way.

≡WAY OUT

HIS experience tells him where he is to look for liquor. He looks under the mattress, in the lampshade bowl, behind pictures.

He looks for small bottles in Brown's gloves, in the wastebasket. He looks among the coal in the cellar. He looks for bottles stuck with adhesive tape to the bottoms of armchairs and sofas.

He sniffs the vases to find if, perhaps, the flowers are existing on a diet of alcohol. This is a trick he has learned. He uncovers Brown's hot water bottle and tests the contents.

Finally, incredible as it may sound, he sniffs the water in which Brown has left his false teeth on the bedside table. He has found the water, before today, to be gin.

As Smith drives away, Brown settles down to sleep. He feels better than he has done for a long time. He is hunching with Smith tomorrow—or, rather, today.

He has got one foot on the road that leads out of his torment.

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SO THIS IS THE LAW!

By MICHAEL SUTTON

MAN is a law-making creature and, quite rightly, is proud of the legislation that has been enacted, and which, on the whole, has led to more rational, civilised societies.

Yet, man in most countries are so busy making laws that they often forget to repeal the outdated ones. Many of these anachronistic laws would lead to chaos if they were enforced.

There is also another set of laws that most people know are stupid, and yet, in spite of this, they are allowed to stand in the statute books untouched.

Britain has many laws of both varieties. For example, if the laws relating to Sundays were to be rigidly enforced, industry would be brought to a standstill, there would be no amusements and no large-scale sport.

As the law stands, no engine-driver is allowed to drive his train on a Sunday; yet he can act in any other capacity on the railways! A milkman is not allowed to deliver milk; yet he can take the place of the man who drives his cart, while the driver would be allowed to deliver the milk.

The laws relating to what can be sold on a Sunday are also a hotch-potch of nonsense. For example, if a woman wishes to buy toothpaste, she is quite legally entitled to do so. But if she wants to buy a toothbrush, she is infringing the law unless she can prove that her need for it is surgical in character!

As many people know, the English are great lovers of fish and chips, which are almost the staple diet of many of them. Not unnaturally, therefore, they like to buy readily-cooked fish and chips on a Sunday. They are allowed to do this. But the trader who is selling these foodstuffs can only do so if they have not been cooked in his own shop!

Other laws are quite hypocritical. The most notorious of these are the British lottery laws. Such lotteries are quite definitely illegal. It is illegal to run a raffle in aid of a children's outing, just as it is unlawful to back a horse or a dog with a street bookmaker. It's also illegal to play gambling games in a bar, or to publish football coupons in a newspaper.

But, as everyone, repeat everyone, knows, British people back some £400,000,000 a year on horse racing alone. This is done quite legally either by wagers made on the racetrack or by credit backing. Apart from this, another £125,000,000 is backed on dog-racing, while more than £70,000,000 is gambled on the football pools.

Yet, lotteries and gambling are illegal! It's no wonder that visitors to Britain shake their heads and wonder what it's all about. There is a legal and an illegal way of betting. Don't ask what the real

difference is. No one will be able to tell you.

Yet, there is one type of public lottery that is legal. Art Unions—that is, co-operative organisations for buying portraits and other works of art—are allowed to run raffles. Again, don't ask why.

Pin-tables are also illegal in Britain, yet, there are hundreds of thousands of these all over the country. They are illegal in terms of a very old law, and the fine for playing on one is 40 shillings. The authorities evidently don't think it worth while to invoke so ancient a law. But why does it remain on the statute books?

Most British doctors don't know it, but there is a law still standing in the statute books that allows anyone, no matter what their qualifications, to set up a practice to cure diseases. The Act was intended as a rebuff to the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons who, centuries ago, though unskilled in matters of curing diseases, took large fees from the public for curing them and, furthermore, persecuted herbalists who dared to take away some of their market. The law decrees "that persons being no cunning surgeons may minister medicines outward."

Sunday trading laws in Britain are, as already mentioned, chaotic. A person who keeps a general store may sell certain classes of goods in parts of his store all day on Sunday; some goods can only be sold for a limited number of hours; and others in other parts not at all.

Children, at a seaside resort, are allowed to buy toys; bathers can buy swimsuits and bathing caps; postcards and film for cameras can also be bought. But just let a trader try to sell a loaf of bread after ten o'clock in the morning and he'll be treated like a criminal!

Wine is an expensive commodity in Britain, and Britishers returning from holidays in countries where it is cheap are allowed to bring in only one bottle free of import tax. But there is a certain law which still applies to the Navy, that many members of that organisation probably don't know.

High-ranking members can bring in enormous quantities free of import tax. Thus, admirals, under the Customs Act of 1870, may bring in no less than 1,200 gallons. A vice-admiral can bring in 1,050 gallons a year; a rear-admiral, 840 gallons; captains, 630 gallons.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost every year to needy charities because of stupid laws relating to Sunday entertainment in Britain. With but few exceptions, no public entertainment, to which people are admitted on payment, may take place unless the local authorities give their consent. And they can only give permission to the most sombre and uninteresting entertainments that just won't bring in the public.

The authorities can only sanction a "musical entertainment," defined as a concert consisting of the performance of music with or without singing or recitation. No make-up or scenery is allowed.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



\$500 REWARD

It's yours if only you'll buy in the greatest car sales war in U.S. history

By EVELYN IRONS

"SAVE your cash for Christmas!" yells the car dealer's advertisement in letters one-inch high in my morning newspaper. "Need a car? Need your cash for Christmas shopping? King Ford comes to your rescue with a timely and terrific plan that gives you both! No cash down. No payment till February 15."

Turn the page. "We play Santa NOW!" announces another dealer. "56 Chevys at '55 prices! We'll buy your car -- you keep the cash! If you owe money on your present car, we'll accept it in trade -- we'll pay off your balance!"

It's really too kind. "Up to five years to pay." "Yours for only \$1.50 per day."

One better

In Cincinnati they go one better. Not only can the buyer of a new car delay paying for it until next year and save his own money for Christmas shopping. But the benevolent car dealer gives him \$100 (£34, 14s.) to help him out. A Ford dealer in St. Louis, Missouri, is offering \$500 cash in a desperate bid for customers.

For the fiercest-ever selling war in American automobile history is on, and it will be even hotter in 1956. By the end of this year the manufacturers will have turned out a record number of cars -- eight million. Sales are estimated at 7,600,000. Next year there cannot be quite so many cars. But it will be more than ever a buyers' market.

In debt

In the year that ended last October, Americans went \$5,000 million into debt, mostly for buying cars. But next year credit will be more difficult. Bankers, who lend money to car dealers, take over installment loans after sales are clinched and make direct loans to millions of new car owners, are becoming nervous about the reckless way the dealers are pressing sales.

Those who have been making three-year loans are talking of restraining them to 30 months, and those who have been making 30-month loans are cutting them down to two years.

And dealers have over-reached themselves in their frantic drive to sell out their 1955 models to clear their showrooms for the wave of new cars they are forced to take from the manufacturers on pain of losing their contracts.

Give-aways

Never have there been such give-aways, and the public, as you might expect, have become spoiled.

They will have to be babied along even more next year to get them to buy. Also, the market is oversold. So many people are the proud new owners of bargain-price 1955 models that it is going to be very, very difficult to persuade them to get a next-year's model that is not strikingly different in appearance.

Here are some of the inducements for which we have learned to look: A Pittsburg dealer under-took to give back his old

car to any buyer trading it in for a new one -- after the price had been deducted from the new car's purchase total. In Detroit, a dealer tossed in a free heater and radio, and free refrigerators. Washing-machines and fur coats were offered to catch the women.

More spectacular bribes to buyers were free trips for two to Paris, Miami, Havana and even -- when the first space-ship makes the voyage -- to the Moon.

Free load

A new 1955 car becomes a "used car" after a run round the block to the nearest used-car lot, so that New Yorkers fall to see the unconscious humour of a notice in monster neon lights over a car lot on a boulevard just outside the city.

It says "NEW USED CARS."

A Seattle dealer in used Chevies offers to fill the boot (they call it the "trunk" here) with food, and each buyer of a car for which he pays £143 or more drives off with a free load of 50lb. potatoes, 24 boxes of breakfast cereals, 48 boxes of face tissues, 12 jars of jams and cases of tinned pears, peas, sweetcorn, beans, peaches, tomato juice and pineapple juice.

As for really old cars, of the vintage that so many Britons own, dealers cannot afford the space to keep them. "Buy a car

for 99 cents" advertised a second-hand car dealer in Connecticut the other day. For that, customers drove away a 1940 four-door Chevrolet.

An embarrassing element in the 1955 picture is that prices of new cars have gone up, by an average of five per cent compared with 1954. But dealers, afraid of scaring off their clients, are proclaiming that they will not pass on the increases to purchasers.

They offer 1955 cars at 1954 prices by such devices as giving far more than the listed allowances for trade-ins. A Baltimore dealer offers to double the "Red Book" price for a 1940-1952 model traded in for a new automobile.

One hesitates to introduce a sour note into all this, but in some cases the customer does pay in the end for what he receives. He is quoted a high over-allowance for his trade-in, only to be charged a higher than legitimate rate of interest on his deferred payments.

All the same, the dealers complain that although they have had a record year's business, the fastest-ever turnover has by no means brought them the fastest-turning buck.

Top-selling

Disgruntled dealers giving evidence before the current Senate Anti-Trust and Monopoly Sub-Committee investigating the affairs of General Motors complained that they were losing money because of the excessive sales pressures brought to bear by the manufacturers.

The biggest sales race is, of course, between General Motors with their Chevrolet, and Ford, whose colossal earnings and income will be revealed for the first time when their stock registration statement, in con-

Typical of the car advertisements in the American press. And next year the market will be even more in the buyers' favour. Washing machines and fur coats are just a few inducements offered by the dealers.

nection with the sale to the public of nearly seven million shares of Ford common stock, is filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. General Motors this year became the first company in the world ever to net 1,000 million dollars, after taxes.

In the fight to be top-selling car in America, the Chevrolet has the edge, according to figures up to the end of October covering new passenger car registrations for 34 states. These are: Chevrolet, 1,293,327; Ford, 1,239,574.

Forecasting an even tougher battle to come, Ford's are stepping up their promotion budget for 1956 by 25 per cent on this year's, with the heaviest emphasis on newspaper advertising.

Manufacturers are planning bigger and better baits to eager salesmen. Already Los Angeles salesmen of 1955 Plymouth cars are winning certificates for free golf clubs, motor scooters, outboard motors. Other companies are rewarding aggressive salesmen with trips to Sun Valley in Idaho, TV sets, watches, diamond neckties (another diamond to be added for every

He is sure of himself, except for his tears. He knows himself, including his tears. Gaitskell is very tough, tough enough for tears.

Yet he has seemed the bureaucrat's path to power, not the politician's. Minister of Fuel and Power, Chancellor of the Exchequer -- the ability was recognised by all, but the man seemed prim.

And it is true that he has come so early to the tip of the peak as much by chance promotions for himself and slips and falls by others, as by his own very determined mountaineering.

HIS CHANCE

GAITSKELL determined to become deputy leader of the Socialists before Bevan. It was Attlee, not Gaitskell, who was determined to exclude Morrison from the leadership itself. It was Attlee, not Gaitskell, who timed his retirement to do the greatest possible harm to Morrison. It was Attlee who by blocking Morrison's route to the peak, opened up the way for Gaitskell.

But it has not only been chance for Gaitskell.

In 1952 the Socialist Party Conference elected all the Bevanites to the party's National Executive, and swept off Herbert Morrison. Arthur Deakin was determined on vengeance. He made this clear.

It was no chance that on the following Saturday, at Stalybridge, Gaitskell flayed the Bevanites: "It is time to end the attempt at mob rule by a group of frustrated journalists." Deakin was pleased.

Two years later, with the huge votes of the big trades unions behind him, Gaitskell was elected treasurer of the party, and Bevan, who had tried to challenge him for the job, was off the party executive.

I brushed with Gaitskell the day he was elected treasurer.

"I can't tell you how happy I feel," said Gaitskell. He was bubbling. The Bevanite group was visibly disintegrating. "The only Bevanites I would have in a Government," said Gaitskell, "would be Dick Croxman, Harold Wilson, and Barbara Castle."

Chance and calculation; luck and logic; these have brought Gaitskell near to realising his ambition. The tears he disowns. The emotion, the sentiment he admits, for it has been constant and kept his thinking straight.

I asked him in the train what he would feel if he were elected leader.

"I'd feel pleasure, of course, excitement at success. Anxiousness."

"What about power?" I asked him. He spoke of the checks and balances that operate on power at the top.

"Would you like sacking people?" I asked.

HIS HOPE

"Attlee, they say, is a ruthless," he replied. "I don't know how he managed it." Gaitskell is weaker in this. He needs people to like him. "It's lonely at the top," I said. "I hope I won't be disillusioned," he said. Some hope.

We both happened to look outside the carriage window. A small farmhouse on a hill moved by. I wondered how, if he has the power, he will alter the life of the man in the farmhouse. I do not think he knows.

He talks of equality, the base of his Socialism. It is a broad, comfortable, sprawling base. It gives a man room to manoeuvre. Gaitskell likes manoeuvring. He is good at it.

I don't know how good he is at equality. I know he is full of brotherly feelings. I only hope he remembers that liberty comes first, before equality, before fraternity.

(CONTINUED)

MR SMITH KEEPS THE CLOCKS ON TIME

By Mervyn Jones

London
If you want to know the time, ask -- Humphry M. Smith.

That, whether we know it or not, is what we are doing when we look up at Big Ben from a passing bus, or listen to the BBC pips, or dial TIM. For Mr Smith, a stocky, 41-year-old man with a big head and a slowly spreading smile, is the final authority on Greenwich Mean Time.

Not that, these days, it comes from Greenwich. The Time Section of the Royal Observatory, with its clocks and other equipment, is housed in the basement and ground floor of a square yellow building on the slopes of Leith Hill, near Abinger. The upper floor is a flat, where the chief of the section, Mr Smith, lives with his wife and four children. Day and night, week-day and Sunday, he is responsible for the accuracy of every well-maintained chronometer in factory, railway station or town hall.

A team

As Mr Smith is the first to point out, he is only the leading member of a team. To start with, time is fundamentally related to the rotation of the earth.

So the clocks at Abinger must be checked by the astronomers at the other stations of the observatory. Then the marvelously delicate equipment is made by various private firms and by the Post Office laboratories at Dollis Hill.

The staff at Abinger numbers some 30 men and women of various degrees of skill. A dozen are working directly on the clocks.

But the clocks in the yellow house neither look nor work like the things the rest of us keep on the mantelpiece. Their most important part is a quartz crystal.

Quartz, a mineral found in Brazil, Madagascar and elsewhere, has the quality of being piezo-electric; that is, it will

Little-known people -- but people with a big significance in everyone's life. These are the men we meet in these articles on Important People.

Men like Humphry Smith, in the yellow house on Leith Hill.

vibrate in response to electrical stimulus. It is therefore in great demand for radio, radar and telephone equipment.

A crystal cut to the right size and shape (which is a ring) and connected to an alternating current from electrodes on its two faces will vibrate 100,000 times a second.

It is the uniformity of the interval between each vibration, rather than the frequency, that makes this way of measuring time vastly more accurate than the two-second swing of a pendulum.

Of course, the external factors must be constant: the crystal is kept in an air vacuum and at a regular temperature of 133 degrees. The mechanism is then connected to a reducing circuit, which brings the vibrations down to 1,000 per second with a loss of accuracy.

Landline

From this an electric clock is worked. This is fitted with a face for convenience and so it can be recognised by the uninitiated for what it is.

There are 16 clocks at Abinger, and a device with a number of dials reports on their performance. How accurate are they?

Well, accuracy is not a word that Humphry Smith likes to use without qualification. He explains it this way: he knows the amount that each clock will lose or gain and can allow for it arithmetically.

The daily divergence from his prediction is not more than one ten-thousandth of a second.

That, so far as the outside world is concerned, is how right Mr Smith's time is.

One clock is always in use as a transmitter, with another in reserve to take over automatically in case of need.

The transmitting clock is connected by landline to the BBC and fitted with an electric contact closed for six seconds every quarter of an hour.

That is how they get the six pips. Allowance, however, must be made for the time of transmission by landline.

Another service is an hourly correction of the voice on TIM. The staff keep an eye not only on their own clocks but on signals sent out by time centres all over the world.

America, France and Russia are among half a dozen countries which have quartz clocks of accuracy comparable to ours. Other nations run along on very good pendulum clocks.

The time men, together with other astronomers, meet every three years, and Mr Smith has lately returned from the International Astronomical Union's meeting in Dublin.

More work

Most exciting topic of discussion is a clock even more accurate than the quartz clock. It would be based on measuring the vibration within an atom.

But more work has to be done before it can come into full use.

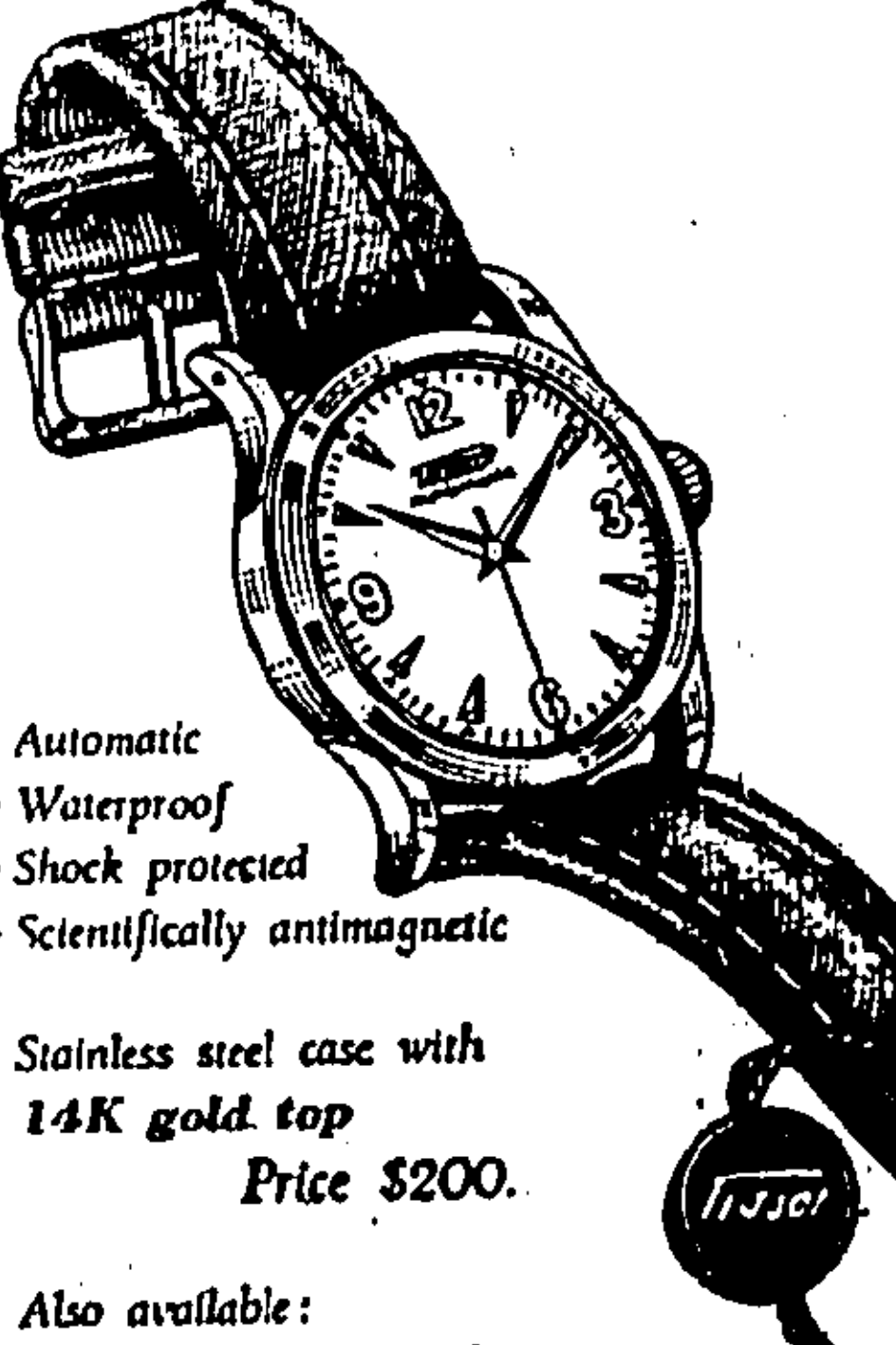
If Humphry Smith knows how essential his work is to such varied ends as the start of the Derby and the departure of the Flying Scotsman, he makes no fuss about it.

Most observers, noting his careful movements and his precise, emphatic speech, would set him down as a scientist.

But his corner of Surrey knows him as a man who likes his home and district. London, who goes camping on his annual holiday, who enjoys concerts and reads a bit of everything but notably theology, and who is this year's president of the Dorking Rotary Club.

At the weekly lunch he has every right to introduce himself to visiting Rotarians with the words "Smith-Time."

Quality need not be expensive



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SHOWTALK takes a backward glance at 1955—and finds seven golden rules on . . .

HOW TO BE A PERSONALITY

... and how NOT to be one

WHO were the show business personalities of 1955—the people with the dazzle and the sparkle, the people I would not be bored to meet again in 1956? They are not necessarily the people who would particularly care to meet me again in 1956.

First, the people who are NOT my personalities of 1955, though they may well be yours.

LIBERACE is not. You say he is a colourful character. He wears gold lame suits. He has 70 pairs of shoes, dummies, grey hair. He changes in the evening into a suit of black brocade with gold dots and has ash trays shaped like grand pianos. I fail to be enthralled.

You say that he loves his mother. I am unmoved. You say that he earns £350,000 a year. I am not intimidated.

I have seen the gentleman on TV oozing sincerity and I will see him in his first film, "Sincerely Yours."

But to me, his personality is outshone by his tailor. I take a ghoul's interest in his suits but Mr. Liberace the piano player from Milwaukee interests me even less than his piano playing.

FIRST golden rule on how to be a personality: don't stand for competition from your tailor. You can't win.

She is not

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA is not one of my personalities. She is a symbol, not a personality. Her face is a flawless mask of which betrays nothing of character. She is so wholeheartedly preoccupied with being beautiful it does not give her a chance to be anything else. (Who wants her to be anything else, anyway?)

When I met her in Paris the conversation was limited to her fabulous face, her fabulous body, her fabulous earnings, and her fabulous admirers, all subjects in which she is intensely—not to say fabulously—interested and about which she can talk fluently and endlessly.

The Italian Parliament was mentioned, but only because the

MPs were also inclined to talk about La Lollo.

She is rather like those distant stars of Mount Etna: just a little too picturesque; all very well for picture postcards, but not quite in the National Gallery class.

It's plenty

SECOND golden rule: being beautiful is not enough, but it's plenty.

RICHARD BURTON is not one of my personalities. He is the economically-minded young man who makes £1,000 a week and says he can live on £350. He believes in the simple things of life like Jaguars, being rude to his bosses, playing Henry V at the Old Vic. He is a good actor who believes he is a great one.

THIRD golden rule: being a personality to yourself is easy. It is more difficult to be a personality to others.

Having told you about the people who are not my personalities of 1955, here are the ones who are.

A gay girl

AVA GARDNER is. She has mystery and without mystery there can be no personality. You never know when and where she is going to appear or disappear. That's her mystery. You never quite know whether she is married, engaged or divorced. That is also mystery, especially to her husband, finance, and ex-husband of the moment.

Ava Gardner is a girl you are still curious about after she has answered all the questions you can conceivably ask her and she could conceivably answer.

She has the reputation of being an excessively gay girl—with a pack of suitors in every capital butting for the privilege of showing her the town. In fact, she is often lonely. I know of an English actor and his wife, no brighter young things either, whom she would ring up frequently while she was here and say: "Oh, gee, I'm so lonely. Could I come along with you wherever you are going tonight—to the movies or somewhere."

She is strikingly beautiful, whatever the time of day or night, and she has that aura which identifies personalities.

FOURTH golden rule: mystery is vital. People should know about you. But they should not know everything about you.

MARLENE DIETRICH is one of my personalities. I remember she was sitting in the Oliver Messel suite at the Dorchester when Danny Kaye rang up. Danny Kaye had just opened at the Palladium and he was not well. Dietrich immediately set out about mothering him. She rung about mothering him, and told him about Mr. Kaye's troubles. His wife was away. Said Dietrich: "And your lovely children, will they look after them? I know, I'll come and baby-sit for you." The mothering instinct is an essential part of the Dietrich personality, whether she is mothering somebody else's children or somebody else's Prime Minister.

She whispered

I asked her at one stage why she had not made any films recently. She whispered: "Shh! I'll let you into a secret. I am not an actress. I am a personality."

I do not suppose she was a personality in the cradle, but she certainly is now. Her personality indeed is her greatest achievement. It was a work of art. It is a triumph of acting, haughty coyness and invention.

FIFTH golden rule: if you are not satisfied with the personality you have already got, invent another one.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is one of my personalities. Dietrich is the eternal enchantress: Hepburn is the eternal enchantress. Her face is marvellously expressive. She does not tell the world much about herself, but her face tells more than another actress's autobiography. Her personality is there for all to see.

She is forceful. She dresses forcefully. She walks forcefully. She talks forcefully. But in her acting there is infinite tenderness.

by **THOMAS WISEMAN**

Here **SHOWTALK** takes a forward glance and finds a personality in the raw . . .

A tigress called Shirley

OUT of the last gasp of 1955 emerges a personality-in-the-raw. A tigress from Tiger Bay, Cardiff, called Shirley Baines—with a voice like hot honey. In her dressing-room, after her triumph on the first night of "Such Is Life," she told me about herself. Her father is a merchant seaman. Two years ago she was a £3 10s. a week packer at a Cardiff factory. Now she is under contract to Jack Hylton and making £125 a week. Where did she get her ferocious vitality, I asked. "It must be in my blood," she said. "I've had no training and no singing lessons."

She is only 18. She has no smoothness. No sophistication. As a show-business personality, she is still in the rough, uncut, unpolished state. But she has something in the blood. It throbs out into her songs. It is going to throb on into 1956. It's going to get into your blood, too.

To me she has a beauty which Lolobrigida could never hope to match.

SIXTH golden rule: if you have great talent, it's easy. You can't help being a personality.

DIANA DORS is one of my personalities. In public she is often presented as a caricature, but she is really quite a character. She has much more to offer

than what her low-cut dresses habitually show. She has an instinct for showmanship, a genius for publicity. Most people immediately like her because she immediately likes most people.

So relaxed

She is the most completely relaxed person in show business I know of. With the possible exception of a driving test, I don't think anything has ever perturbed her. To me she is glamorous and a personality because of the ease and naturalness with which she plays her off-screen role, a performance that merits an Oscar.

SEVENTH golden rule: in the matter of being a personality relaxation counts for more than inspiration and perspiration.

Summing-up: There is hardly a person left in show business any more. The place is swarming with so-called "personalities."

Conclusion: Many of these "personalities" are merely nonentities everyone has heard of. (COPYRIGHT)

THE BOREDOM OF SOCIALIST REALISM

By **ARMAND ROUSSEAU**

IN every branch of Soviet life preparations are being made for the celebration in 1957 of the 40th anniversary of the October Revolution. Among the plans is one to hold a grand All-Union Art Exhibition.

There has been only one All-Union Art Exhibition since Stalin's death—a combined show for 1953 and 1954—the organisation of which was a kind of dress rehearsal for 1957. It opened in January 1955 at the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. Foreign visitors have reported that people hurried past the familiar products of Socialist realism—tractors, factories, farms, celebrations, meetings, crowds of workers, etc.—and gathered in a big bunch to gaze at two nudes, the first nudes that have been allowed for many a long year.

There is nothing unusual in this. Revolutions have a way of bringing prudish people into positions of power—people who harness all their energies to the cause of revolution, and expect everyone else to do the same.

All Taboo

That was the view of the exponents of French Impressionism. This, together with the other "isms" in the visual arts during the last 70 years, has been quite taboo in Soviet Russia. Dovzhenko thinks Russia was right. "In rejecting impressionism, expressionism, constructionism . . . but after all they had a most complex path in the search for new artistic possibilities."

Dovzhenko's article ends by asking the painters and sculptors to be preparing their work for the 1957 All-Union Art Exhibition to "extend the creative frontiers of Socialist realism."

Too Strong

Of course, Dovzhenko is right about the impressionists. They certainly discovered new affinities between colours which had never before been placed alongside each other on a canvas. New light and new shadow came into pictures through the impressionists, and painters have "made use of the gains and discoveries of impressionism" in every nation since then.

But Dovzhenko's article received a severe reprimand in Pravda within a week and from no less a body than the USSR Academy of Arts, who chose V. Kamenov as their mouthpiece. Dovzhenko had appealed, wrote Kamenov, for "a new approach to, and originality in, painting." Kamenov would have none of this. Dovzhenko, he said, had stated very false (and not new) propositions with which one could not agree.

Dovzhenko had written for the painters: "We choose you to be artists so that you might gladden and enrich our vision of the world and not so that you might confirm that which the photograph brings to our notice so easily and accurately."

Party Line

Kamenov came down heavily on this observation and firmly restated the Party line: "There is need for the utmost clarity . . . the artists must create works which, worthy of the glorious past of struggle and labour of the Soviet people and show these works at the All-Union Exhibition for the 40th anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution."

A world divides these two views, and any critic reading them knows on which side he stands. Dovzhenko is an outmoded art critic who has suddenly spoken up in a voice we have not heard from Russia for years and years.

Kamenov, with his "glorious path of struggle and labour," speaks a jargon which all officials speak in Soviet Russia, in Soviet Russia the officials always win, but they fail to inspire good art. Kamenov admits this indirectly.

There have been too many crude, dull and unimaginative pictures painted in a hurry by the "brigade" method. And there are also few substantial works on contemporary themes at the present All-Union Exhibition. Thus the official guardians of Soviet painting are in a dilemma. They want to produce some memorable works of art for the 40th anniversary of the October Revolution, but they dare not allow Soviet painters too much freedom. It will be interesting to see what the Soviet artists produce.

Heretical

Dovzhenko has the audacity to complain that these "illustrations of daily life" are "concrete to the point of sterility and limited to the point of banality."

He wants painting to provide "henceforward" a "profound revelation of man and of humanistic nature."

This is all very heretical compared with the doctrines of the Communist cultural law-makers of these last three or four decades. It is heretical because it calls things by their names: it calls banal painting of everyday objects and events

Tourists sit up and take notice where desolation and tall weeds reign

WHERE HITLER ONCE RULED

By **JOHN RADCLIFFE**

YOUR sightseeing bus whisks you past an area of desolate ruins in the Soviet sector, overgrown with tall weeds. Nobody pays heed to the bomb rubble until the guide announces laconically: "And over there is part of the bunker where Hitler and Eva Braun committed suicide."

It is one of the most barren, least visited landmarks in the Russian sector.

There is a reason, perhaps, for the lack of interest in the ruins. A half-dozen Communist police are always loitering about the battered steel and concrete.

There are no shops—not a single street vendor taking advantage of the bunker's tourist possibilities.

The Reichschancellery used to be Hitler's official residence as well as his office. It was built during 1938-39, modern in style, but richly decorated in the interior with gold mosaic and inlays of gold leaf, marble and fine wood. From the first floor balcony facing the Platz he used to make his famous speeches to his followers massed in the large square below.

Under the gardens of the Reichschancellery Hitler's personal air raid shelter was built four floors deep. It was said to have been the most elaborate air raid shelter in Germany—steam heated, and air-conditioned, furnished with every luxury. It was in the underground palace that Hitler and

Eva Braun were reputed to have died in a suicide pact.

The chancellery was partially destroyed by air raids and further damaged during the last days of fierce fighting in this area.

The Red Army looted most of the furnishings and then burned out the ornate interior.

Finally in 1946, the Soviets tore the structure down and carted most of the valuable mosaics and marbles to Treptow Park, where they used them to build a memorial to the Red Army men who were killed in the last desperate struggle for Berlin.

The Russians claim they intend to make a beautiful "People's Park" where Hitler's famous Reichschancellery once stood. Across from the Reichschancellery were the offices of Joseph Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda. They have now been rebuilt and remodelled into headquarters for the Soviet-sponsored parliament for East Berlin and the East Zone of Germany.

It doesn't seem as though anybody lives now in this desolate waste. In winter it is a muddy mess, and in summer it is filled with choking dust. Ironically, not far away from Hitler's bunker at 11-12 Bendler Strasse is the old Nazi War Ministry.

A statue in the newly kept garden of the old War Ministry building pays homage to the general who executed because of the bomb plot. Each day the gardeners, by instruction from Communist city officials, lay fresh flowers at the base of the monument.

ALL I said to my husband was: "I'd like to taste a sucking pig." I threw it away casually, like: "I'd like a diamond bracelet or a cruise around the world."

But men have an uncanny memory for the wrong things, so it was only a few days later that he came bounding into the lounge with an enormous box, shouting "Surprise! Surprise!"

Lucky little me, I thought, and like a child at Christmas I rushed to the happy surprise and opened up the box.

"Yikes!" I screamed, and immediately shut it again, lying limply on the bottom of the box was a great white beast with long eyelashes, pink toenails, whiskers in its ears and a snout-full of fang-like teeth.

"Your sucking pig," he said benevolently, as though he had given me the diamonds or the cruise. "You can cook it any way you like."

"Cook that monster?" I shrieked from the top of the stairs. "I can't even look at it! Call the doctor, I need an injection!"

So while I hid in the bedroom he emptied everything out of the fridge and replaced it with The Monster.

THE FANGS

NEXT morning, after I'd taken an anti-fear pill, I thumbed through my cookery books. Elizabeth David's told me to build a wood fire and then bury it in myrtle leaves. I thought that was a wonderful way of hiding the monster, until I read Dorcas Fong's "Joy of Chinese Cooking."

She told me to wrap it in a "jacket of straw and reeds, made adhering with fresh clay, and then bake in heated pit dug in ground."

burn for three days and nights without stopping.

As neither of the ladies told me whether all this was to be done with or without the pig's eyes, lashes, whiskers, or fangs, Val decided I should take it to the local butcher.

So I swallowed a quick sherry, opened the fridge, closed my eyes, pulled the monster into my largest shopping bag, and felt my way down the street.

"Please sir," I pleaded as surreptitiously I pushed the corpse under the butcher's counter, "can you make this terrible monster look like the other animals in your shop?"

"It's beautiful," he enthused as he hugged it on his scales. "Weighs 15lb."

THE SNUOT

AFTER he had assured me it could be made to look like a respectable animal for the oven, I left The Monster with him and shopped for adornments.

The holly-wreath sellers told me I was out of luck—there were too many shopping days to Christmas. But I did find an apple for the snout and a nocknade of radish leaves.

"You having a party?" asked the grocer, when I placed the

stuffing order of five dozen sausages, a hundredweight of onions and two sage bushes. . . .

When I'd chipped up a couple of tons of stuffing, Val proceeded to invite a couple of tons of guests to do the eating.

The day of the party The Monster arrived first, which was helpful.

It was suitably trussed for the occasion with its legs tied to pieces of wood, gashes along its back, whiskers gone, and nothing more disturbing than a great slit from head to stern up its middle.

I stuffed and stuffed and stitched and stitched and longed . . . and longed for a sewing machine.

I wrapped it in paper, cooked it at No. 3, unwrapped it, drank a glass of wine, rubbed it with Chinese soy sauce, cooked it at No. 4, ate some left-over stuffing.

The guests arrived—I could hear the merriment, cooked it at No. 6, made paper ear-muffs for its burning ears, cooked it at No. 1, wrapped it up again. The guests' merriment subsided. I unwrapped it, had a glass of wine, poured cream on it, cooked it at No. 2, ate more stuffing, cooked it at No. 5; the guests' merriment ceased.

Then Val appeared to announce that the drinks had long since run dry and our friends were growing faint with starvation.

Five hours had elapsed since we first slammed the oven door in the pig's snout. For the last time I opened the door and looked The Monster in the face, despite its fangs, which were bared from the cooking.

THE BATTLE

It snarled at me, I snarled back, and I knew it was done.

But The Monster won the last round. It refused to open its mouth when I offered the apple. No matter how hard I tugged, the jaws stayed clamped.

So I had to cut the apple into wedges and tie it on with string.

"Delicious," said the dinner guests. "Aren't you having any?"

"No thanks," I sighed, slumping exhausted in my chair. "I've lived with that thing for three days. It'd be the same as eating you."

The morning after I received a note from one of the guests saying how I could be a chef instead of an actress.

Well, it was gracious. (COPYRIGHT)

By **Yolande Donlan**
Actress-author, the "Sand in My Mink" girl

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



PICTURES BY DAVID OLIN

Five ways to stop the shivers

ONE thing's certain in the winter: you won't look pretty if you're cold. STOP THE SHIVERS by eating enough. Don't go out without breakfast or make do with a salad lunch. STOP THE SHIVERS by getting some exercise EARLY in the day. STOP THE SHIVERS by muffling the most vulnerable

part of you, your throat, with a fur scarf or a mohair stole. STOP THE SHIVERS by LOOKING warm — warmer makeup, warmer colours. STOP THE SHIVERS by wearing warm night-clothes and underclothes, as pretty now as the flimsiest cloth ones you wear in the summer.

ABOVE: Ski pants and vests are ideal for the country or week-ends, or any time when you wear trousers. BELOW: The night-dress is in a wool mixture fabric, with a delicious pattern of stripes and flowers.



FOR HIGH FASHION AT THE BEACH SWIMSUIT DESIGNER SUGGESTS—

An International Set Consisting Of 12 Suits

San Francisco. Miss Ballerino said women's swim suits this year are "much more feminine than they've ever been."

"Women are tired of the little boy look and their swing back to ultra femininity extends into our field, too," she said. "We've incorporated a lot of frills in our new designs... like large bows which can be detached when the wearer goes swimming."

Miss Ballerino said the trend toward "high fashion" at the beach has dictated the use of unusual fabrics such as black lace and rich satins. The designer said she was aware that not all husbands would go for the idea of their wives buying 12 bathing suits, so she said her company would be "very happy to break up the set and sell them individually."

"But a swimsuit wardrobe is getting to be an absolute necessity for most women," she said. "I think eventually the marketplace will see it that way."

The collection contained the latest creations from the company's plants in Italy, Switzerland, Australia, Mexico, Chile, England, Hawaii, Brazil, Germany, Spain and, yes, from France.

A New Slant On An Old Problem
MONEY and FASHION

By SYLVIA LAMOND

London. "MONEY," said Mrs Anne Lambton, wife of Teddy Lambton, the race-horse trainer, "is the least important factor in fashion... you can be faultlessly turned out on a shoestring."

Anne should know. She is a fashion consultant, recently chosen one of Britain's eight best dressed women.

As we talked she was getting ready for a charity ball — changing out of the stone-coloured jersey suit she bought for £4, into a mink-trimmed ball gown which cost £300 from Manguin of Paris.

Both looked equally elegant in their different ways. In both Mrs Lambton had the same "best dressed" look.

THE SECRET

Women from all walks of life go to her flat in Regent's Park, London, for advice, or to take Anne with them as guide on a shopping spree. Sorry — that's a word I shouldn't have used.

"Spree is the death knell to good dressing," shuddered Mrs Lambton.

"The big secret is to shop as if you're running a business — ruthlessly, without giving in to one single whim or fancy."

"I shop for clothes twice a year, in Spring and Winter. Never in between. Any woman who shops in snatches should add up the cost of the bits and

pieces she has bought and discarded."

"The total might buy one beautiful calf bag and one pair of good kid gloves which would really earn their keep."

When she set out to buy that inexpensive jersey suit Mrs Lambton knew she wanted something warm in stone-beige.

She knew exactly the colour scheme she wanted to create — stone with violet; she knew she wanted a dressy top to make the skirt do double duty, and that separates in subtly blending shades are more elegant than a sharp contrast.

So she settled for the suit, a more pricey silk jersey cocktail sweater in a lighter shade of stone, and a violet silk scarf which can tuck in at the neck, knot around her pearls or float from the hip pocket.

DEADLY SINS

Since so few women are perfectly dressed, it's obvious the fashion pitfalls are legion. Anne Lambton picks out the four deadliest:

TOO MANY CLOTHES: Unless you're in the top-income group with accessories to go with each outfit, and a maid to keep them spick and span, pare your wardrobe to a minimum.

Anne has only two winter outfits for daytime, and a very good top coat. She has two pairs of identical well-cut black court shoes with high heels. ("I'd stick to one pair, but it eases the feet to change") and one long, black calf bag. ("I never have more than one handbag. I buy a good one, and use it until it's finished").

She does not own a suit or a fur coat, but she has a Teddy Bear fur fabric coat for the country ("easily the smartest casual coat").

The advantage of a small wardrobe is that it's easier to keep it well pressed and brushed, and you emphasise

yourself better with a few well-chosen clothes. Don't worry about looking the same every day, so long as you look right.

PITFALL

Mrs Peter Thorneycroft nearly always wears black, the Duchess of Windsor nearly always wears deep blue — it's one way to build a best-dressed reputation. Chopping and changing clothes constantly takes the edge off your personality.

YOUR HUSBAND: a major pitfall if you pander to him. Don't be put off if he doesn't like a thing — jolt him into loving it. Show a new hat to him when you are completely right, and looking terrific. Fatal mistake to get carried away with enthusiasm and try it on with your housecoat. Men don't appreciate fashion out of context.

EVENING GOWNS: Problem because they cost so much, are worn so little. I get around it in two ways. By supping, I exchange evening dresses with a friend in Canada for a year. You could do it with the woman next door, provided you don't pretend the same functions. By storing away a lovely gown: I did this with a Coronation year dress, and am now wearing it again for the first time in three years. It feels like a new gown.

JEWELLERY: I'd by pass a teeny-weeny diamond ring any day for one beautiful velvet theatre coat. I won't waste money on precious jewellery until I can afford it big and beautiful so that it does something for me.

Anne Lambton's idea of a woman's best long-term investment: A piece of good fur, such as a mink stole, an ermine tippet, a silverfox muff.

"A piece of fur pulls an outfit together in a remarkable way and puts a seal of luxury on the whole thing," says Anne. "I've worn my mink stole for three years, summer and winter, and nothing has given better value."

LATEST COAT STYLES FROM PARIS

By MARIE FONTAINE

If you have decided to make a new coat, here is a report on the latest styles of Paris models. They will give you some idea of what to look for... if you want to be right up to the minute so far as fashions, fabric and colour are concerned.

First there is the very youthful and attractive redingote line which makes its welcome re-appearance with its moulded bodice, firmly defined waistline (so long absent) and full flared skirt.

Included in the current collection of Christian Dior is a redingote in black facecloth. This is double-breasted with a full, stiffened skirt and it is trimmed at the neck with a black satin ribbon slotted through the collar and tied in a bow in front. Another black wool redingote is to be seen at Jean Patou, and Jacques Griffe chooses bright red for a redingote with a tunic effect achieved by means of seaming on the gently-flared skirt.

Then there are the redingotes with semi-fitted waists and straight skirts which come in a variety of lengths from three-quarter to full length. If you have a majority of straight skirts in your wardrobe it is worth considering one of the new, narrow, shorter-than-long coats, for in this way you can achieve the latest, thin effect. But and it is a big but, do not wear one of these shorter straight coats over a flared skirt.

Semi-fitted redingotes at Pierre Balmain stress this designer's forward line by means of two loose over-panels in the front. Madeleine de Rauch has two of these coats in her collection, both of which are double-breasted. One is 4/5th length in bright red and the other 7/8th length in fawn. Bright red wool velour is used by Jean Patou for a double-breasted straight redingote with a wide shoulder line while Lanvin (Castillo) has designed one in sand coloured wool fabric with a self tie at the neck.

These fitted or semi-fitted coats have their limitations however; they cannot be worn comfortably over a suit and if you require a more all-purpose coat, a loose-fitting one should be your choice.

★ ★ ★

The two main trends in loose-fitting coats in the Paris collections are entirely opposite to each other. Most coats are either collarless or have large cape collars which widen the shoulder line.

The former are typical of the Oriental influence which has swept through the collection this season.

The collarless neckline is featured by Christian Dior in one of his catan style coats in green tweed. This is slit from under-arm to the hem at the sides, and hangs in a perfectly straight panel at the back and at the front. The collarless neckline comes to one side and fastens with two pairs of buttons.

Manguin places buttons in the front of a triangle, to form a "drape" effect. As for the collarless coat in bright blue wool, rather with flapped points in either hip, has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to show-length. Very



1. Christian Dior: This flared double-breasted redingote with a well-defined waist is in black facecloth and it is trimmed by a black satin ribbon slotted through the collar and tied in a bow in front. 2. Balmain: Straight and double-breasted, this topcoat in elephant grey wool has a large cape which stands away from the neck but covers the shoulders and upper arms. 3. Jean Patou: A straight, semi-fitted redingote in red wool velour. It is double-breasted with a wide shoulder line and a low-placed belt resting on the hips at the back. 4. Hubert de Givenchy: This coat in bright blue wool has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to the elbows. 5. Manguin: Typical of the Oriental influence in the current Paris collections is the collarless neckline of this flared coat in mistle brown facecloth. Note the two panels forming a triangle shape in front, outlined by buttons.

coat, again shows the Oriental influence.

Where coats have cape collars they really are large. Balmain puts one on a perfectly straight double-breasted coat in elephant grey wool. The collar stands away from the neck, but covers the shoulders and upper arms.

Hubert de Givenchy is particularly fond of these cape collars. Sometimes they appear only at the back of a coat; sometimes only at the front; and sometimes it is the sleeves which fold over in a cape effect, as on a model in dark grey velvet. Another of his models, a straight coat in bright blue wool, rather with flapped points in either hip, has a double collar — an ordinary one over a cape which extends almost to show-length. Very

cosy and novel is the coat in herringbone tweed with a cape extending almost to the wrist. This is reminiscent of a coachman's heavy coat.

As regards coat fabrics which are popular in Paris this season, among the favourites are all-wools with a diagonal weave such as Shetlands and Cheviots, herringbone tweeds, smooth facecloths, rattans, wool velours, basket weaves, knopped fabrics and homespuns.

Colours, on the whole, are fairly muted and include natural, grey and earth browns. Grey is less prominent than last season but black is prevalent. There are, however, one or two bright colours such as pinky red, bright blue and deep green.



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CRAIGENGOWER Cricket Club members who took part in the annual Married v. Single cricket match on Boxing Day. The bachelors won by three wickets. (King Wah)



WEDDING at the Registry of Mr Jimmy Yao and Miss Elizabeth Flora Millar. (Staff Photographer)



SECOND Officer B. M. Stear, of the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Fort Charlotte, receiving the Travessa Trophy from Mrs F. H. Loseby after a crew from the ship won the three-mile harbour rowing race on Boxing Day. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs M. W. Turner, Director of the British Red Cross Society, Hongkong Branch, presenting gifts to children at the Laichikok Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Master Stephen Nash, son of Capt. and Mrs P. E. Nash, about to blow out the candles on the cake at his third birthday party (Eddie Ching)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with some of the 1,300 children who were entertained at a Christmas party at the War Memorial Centre by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association. Right: How many candles can she light with one match? (Staff Photographer)



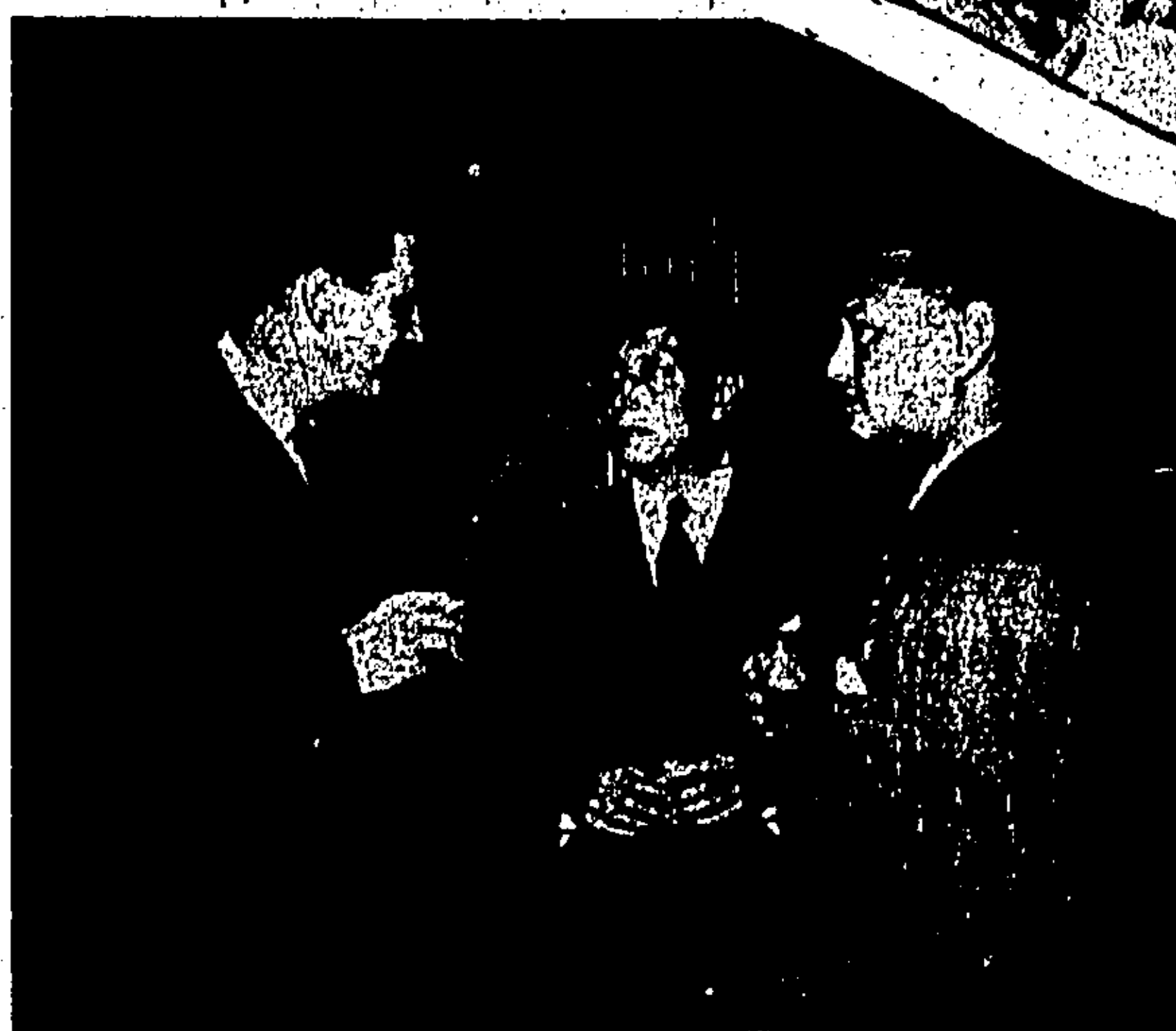
LEFT: Santa Claus handing out gifts at a children's Christmas party at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters. Looking on is the Deputy Commandant, Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn. (Staff Photographer)



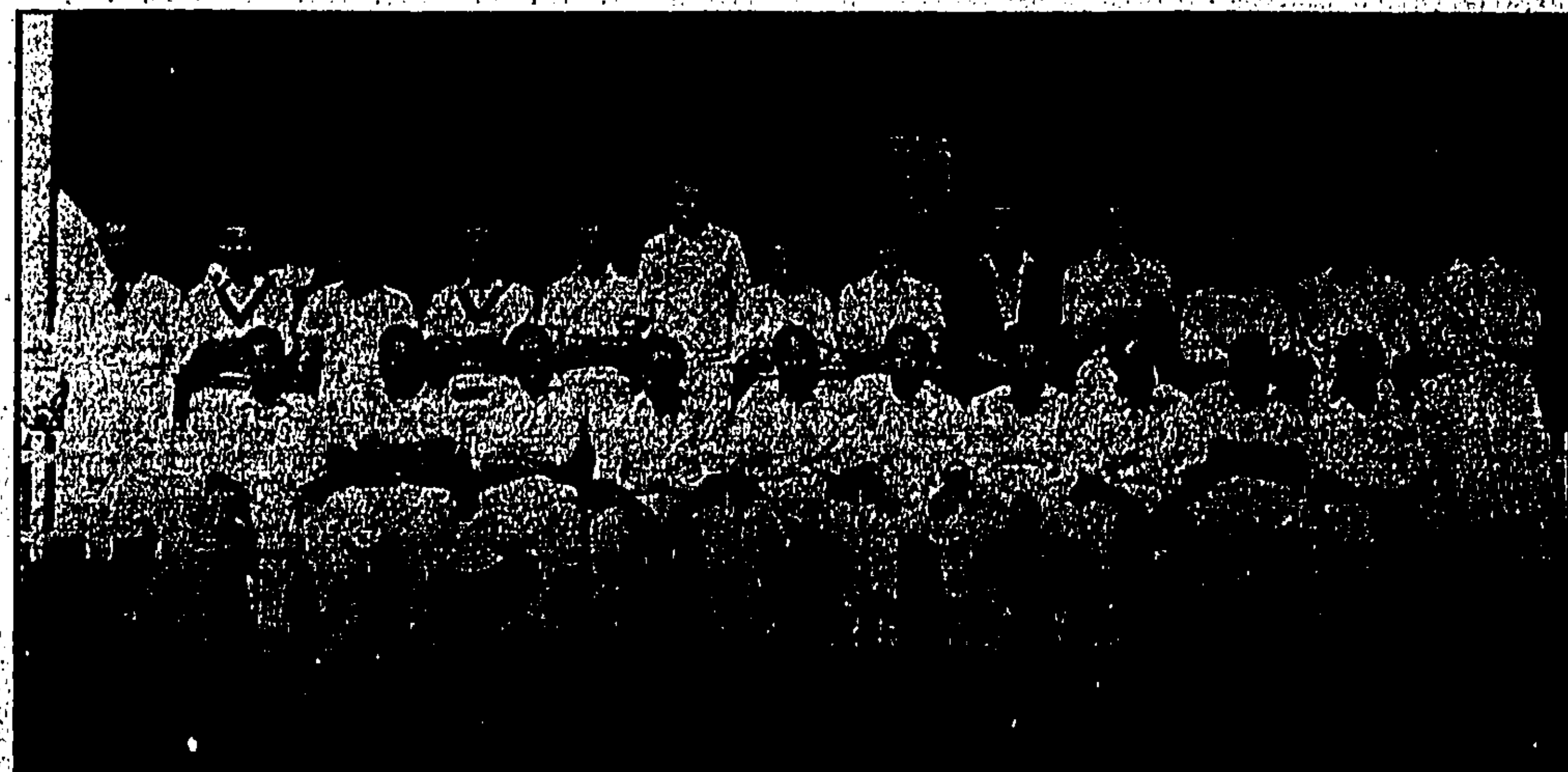
MUSIC and merriment and cheerful laughter from youthful throats combined to make a gay scene at the Diocesan Boys' School dance last week. Here are some who attended. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr E. C. van Helden, Mr M. A. da Sousa and Mr Mok Hing-wing at the cocktail party given by No. 3 Contingent, Special Constabulary, to celebrate their winning the Governor's Shield at the annual Police Review. Mr Sousa is C.O. of the Contingent. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Hongkong Cricket Club and Army teams who met on Tuesday in the annual triangular tournament. Club won by three runs. (Staff Photographer)



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THE South China Morning Post Sports Association again "invaded" Cheung Chau island on Boxing Day. Their football team is seen above with the Tai Shun team of Cheung Chau. Right: At the Morning Post Staff Club Christmas Eve lunch, Miss Hilda Noronha receives from the Hon. C. Blaker the W. A. Grinham Shield for darts, won by the South China Sunday Post-Herald team. (Staff Photographer)



LIEUTENANT Garth Barrington Crook and his bride, formerly Miss Shirley Colman, who were married at St John's Cathedral on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Bro. L. M. B. Cassian speaking at the tea party given in his honour by the Civic Association, of which he is Chairman. He is going to Europe on leave. (Staff Photographer)



A Nativity play on-acted by children cared for by the Christian Children's Fund at the Christmas rally held at the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre. Right: The mixed mass choir. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Canadian Club ball held at the Peninsula Hotel. From left: Mr K. C. Ramsden, Mrs Lochie, Mr J. L. Murray, Mrs Whiting, Mr Roy Dunlop (President of the Club), Mrs Murray, Mr A. C. Lochie, Mrs Dunlop, Mr W. A. Whiting. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: A pause for refreshment at the party held on Thursday at St John's Cathedral Hall for the Senior Sunday School children. (Staff Photographer)



THIS youngster isn't shy at all as he shakes hands with the clown at the Hong Kong Signals Regiment Christmas party for children at Murray Barracks. (Staff Photographer)



ALADDIN (Grace Burriago) and the Princess (Margaret Allardice) in the pantomime, "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," the popular holiday entertainment at Sek Kong Village. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Ho Chung leaving St Mary's Church, Causeway Bay, after their wedding on Thursday. The bride was Miss Stella Kaan. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Members of the English-speaking Department of the Young Women's Christian Association pictured on their visit to the YWCA Nursery during the Christmas season. (Staff Photographer)

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WHEN MEN IN HIGH PLACES BLOCK THE TRUTH— *Beware!*

by REBECCA WEST



EDITED BY JOHN S. MATHER. RESEARCH BY DONALD SEAMAN



IT is a strange fact that in the crisis produced by the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean nobody behaved well except the Press. There are certain households where this view would not be received sympathetically, but none the less it is a fact.

The rest of the parties involved were willing to tell any amount of lies, or at least to refuse to recognise the truth, in order to avoid admitting that Burgess and Maclean were guilty, for the same reason that 60 years ago many French people were willing to perjure their souls in order to avoid admitting that Dreyfus was innocent.

In each case a class decided that it was so valuable as a bulwark of the State that if the truth discredited it, then the truth had to go.

In France it was the army which had to be protected at all moral costs. In Britain the mischief lay in the Foreign Office, and the larger number of people, running through the upper and middle classes who feel themselves somehow allied to the members of the Foreign Office, who feel that if it goes they go.

Ingenuity

BUT it is not the business of Fleet Street to have blood brothers. So the Press went straight on and told the truth. It did not do this out of conscious virtue, because it had been waiting about for an opportunity to save its soul and acquire merit. It was simply going about its age-old business of getting the news. But if that is done with the proper craftsmanly and zest, its practitioners find themselves committed to virtue.

A community must have news, as it must have fuel, food and clothing. It needs news for the same reason that a man needs eyes. It too has got to see where it is going.

The Daily Express has now issued an account of the Burgess and Maclean episode called "The Great Spy Scandal," which has a serious historical value, because it records the defeat by the Press of an attempt to kill news, to blindfold the community.

The volume tells three stories. First it tells the story of the missing diplomats. With great technical skill a team of Express writers has put together into a coherent narrative the news items which appeared in the columns of the Beaverbrook Press and other newspapers as the mystery unfolded.

But there is also the story of how that story was uncovered, by what twists and turns of journalistic ingenuity.

From Paris

THREE steps were needed before the existence of mystery could be stated in print. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Express, S. L. Solon, and his staff extracted from the French police the information that the British police had asked them to find two missing members of the British Foreign Office last seen in France.

They then learned that there was a political angle to the disappearance. They then ascertained the men's names. Had they not carried out this detective work, the news might have been kept indefinitely from the British public.

But there is another story in this volume. As the Editor of the Daily Express describes it in his brief foreword, it is the story of pressure by newspapers to get the news and of determination in high places to conceal the news.

This story is what gives the book a political value which may make it rank with the famous Number 46 or John Wilkes' "The North Briton," which established the right of the Press to make political comment. For, as chapter after chapter shows, the struggle was a real one.

No newspaper, however tough, likes to be considered unreliable, and the long series of always disingenuous and sometimes starkly untruthful answers from politicians and official spokesmen was certain to damage the reputation for reliability of the newspapers who furnished material for the questions.

* JOHN WILKES (1707-97). Politician. His newspaper, The North Briton, described the King's Speech as false, and Wilkes was arrested, put in the Tower, but released, and afterwards of a long imprisonment.

Up to the other day, in both the Commons and the Lords debates, a pretence was kept up that there was a mysterious security reason which made the desire of the newspapers to print the truth an imprudence.

Nor can reporters have liked to be called liars on the basis of interviews they had had with Mrs. Maclean, who from the first was recognised by the shrewd as not likely to go down to fame as one of the great truth-tellers of history.

Yet some readers may have doubts when they read "The Great Spy Scandal," for it contains a great deal of hideous stuff, about people unworthy of their families, of the institutions that nourished them, unworthy of this country. For obvious reasons I did not attempt the same famous school as City Burgess, but I must confess to feeling enraged by the photograph which shows him, looking like a male impersonator, in his traditional uniform.

Squalor

WAS it really necessary, this journey through squalor? Yes. There are three reasons why the newspapers should have made the community look hard at this ugliness.

First, the Soviet Union was certainly going to throw the spotlight on the missing diplomats in the long run. If it had wanted to cover up their treachery, it would have ordered them to resign from the Foreign Office and retire quietly.

On the contrary, it threw them free. Britain in a way certain to cause a scandal. Then the Russians would most probably have followed their usual routine and presented these two men as selfless idealists who, in the course of their work at the Foreign Office, had become seduced by the warmongering policies of Britain and her allies and had therefore fled to the peace-loving Soviet Union.

But even the Soviet Union could not carry off this humbug after the British Press had published the career details. The two were established as long-standing Soviet agents and as disloyal traitors.

If the British Government had been successful in keeping all news of them out of the newspapers, Russia might have suddenly produced them as blameless apostles of peace.

Shocking

SECOND, the British public had to realise that the system of selecting personnel for the Civil Service had fallen into a state of chaos.

"The Great Spy Scandal" does us a considerable service by putting in permanent form the men's employment records.

The career of Burgess makes particularly shocking reading, because his run went on so long, and ended so recently, and speaks of such wild imprudence on the part of the authorities.

Before the war he professed to be a member of some British Fascist organisation and to have taken part in a Nuremberg rally. His friends say he had been instructed to infiltrate the British Fascist movement by the Communist Party, but publicly he professed sincere conversion.

However, as soon as the war started he was taken into an anti-shoot of M.I.6 called the Specialist Organisation Executive, a cloak-and-dagger body which dealt with sabotage in invaded territories, dropping agents by parachute.

This was a gallant and picturesque but serious and dangerous unit, and it is difficult to think that perhaps Burgess did a little to slow down its disastrous routine.

But really he should not have been there at all. As we were fighting the Germans, this was grounds of breach of discipline.

on his own telling, had hobbled with Hitler.

If the security officers who screened him found out that his Fascism was only a pretence, they must presumably have also found out that he was a Communist; and that should have kept him out too, for the Stalin-Hitler Pact was still in force.

A squint

BUT what is alarming is that 11 years later someone was still holding that umbrella up.

In the intervening period he had twice been arrested for being drunk in charge of a car. He had been a plague to his neighbours as the tenant of a West End flat where he gave riotous parties frequently ending in fights, during one of which he was thrown down stairs by another diplomat and borne away to hospital in an ambulance suffering from a fractured skull, a broken jaw, and arm injuries; and early in 1950 he was reported as having divulged official secrets.

But in August, 1950, he was appointed Second Secretary at the Embassy in Washington. All this is a state of affairs which the Press had to describe to the public. It meant that Great Britain was on the way to being deprived of what has always been reckoned by other nations as one of its greatest assets: an efficient and loyal Civil Service.

There is yet a third reason why the truth had to be told, first in the newspapers, now in this book.

In the English-speaking world people suffer from a curious mental squint when they think of Communism.

They know, because they have read it in books and newspapers, that the Communist Party is an association which requires of its members that they abandon their loyalty to their own country and obey all instructions issued by the Soviet Union, even when these instructions tell them to put the Soviet Union's interests before their own country's.

It automatically creates traitors.

No banners

THEY also know that in every country there are a number of people who are attracted to Communism for one reason or another, perhaps because they disbelieve in the economic theory of Capitalism, or because they want to belong to a secret society which will help them on to a good place in life, or because they are neurotic and want to destroy the world by revolution.

They know all this, but they do not really believe it. If they hear of a Communist conspiracy it seems to them as unreal as the latest Agatha Christie, and they cannot believe that any real flesh-and-blood human being, particularly anybody they know, could possibly be a Communist.

So the most important part of contemporary history seems a legend to them, and they are at the mercy of any Communist who troubles to deceive them.

AT HOME IT WAS THE BEST-FED CHRISTMAS

By Vaughan Jones

LONDON. "Give him a boat for Christmas!" appealed one slogan in a Piccadilly store. With summer's sun still months ahead, the number of passersby who enquired about the trim little sailing dinghy on display astounded even the manager.

The bulging wallets and purses represented more than Britain's state of full employment. With jobs chasing men up and down the country, Britain's workers during the year gained wage increases totalling £400 million. Part of this wealth was swelling the spending wave.

New Year Prospects

But as the notes flowed into the tills, farsighted businessmen were already worrying about prospects for 1956. The New Year, they believe, will be a decisive one in the story of Britain's postwar prosperity and full employment. It will determine whether inflation will continue—with prices and wages chasing each other—or whether the non-stop slide in the value of the pound can be halted to give true worth to the worker's earnings.

The man striving to stabilise Britain's economy, 61-year-old Mr. Harold Macmillan, the new Chancellor, will have the advice and experience of Mr. R. A. Butler upon which to draw.

But alongside the Christmas cheer, the cold fact faces Mr. Macmillan that even under the provident Mr. Butler, Britain's cost of living rose by 20 percent over the last four years.

Mr. Macmillan has to accept that Britain's government, Tory or Labour, can henceforth expect to remain in office only so long as they provide full employment, even though this may contribute to inflation.

So Mr. Macmillan has a problem. He must cut spending, curb inflation, yet provide jobs for all if he is not to lose votes in the Tory party at the next election.

Chancellor Butler's squeeze? The year's end marked the country's record spending spree. With notes pouring from the Bank of England, the money in circulation was £1,880 million—£130 million more than a year ago.

All Christmas week households massed at the shop counters. Clutching wads of money, they scrambled to buy more prime poultry, more wines and spirits, more imported luxuries than ever before.

Spending an average £10 on food and drink alone, the wives of wealthy businessmen alongside those of factory workers and tradesmen demanded good quality, too.

Prices? If salesmen seemed extortionate, they could always storm out lately to buy more cheaply somewhere up the street.

Enough Pound Notes

Even though things cost just over five percent more than last year, they had enough pound notes not to worry overmuch. And the housewives have not been concentrating on the food shops. They have crowded all departments of the big stores, selecting sales 10 percent above last year's peak Christmas business.

Choice of gifts, say the salesmen, has been more varied than usual. More and more people, starting good pay, now buy all the year round the sort of things formerly given by the family at Christmas.

Support for the Tories has dropped sharply since the last election following Mr. Butler's unpopular autumn budget. According to recent public opinion polls, Labour has now edged into leading place.

Tory popularity may sink further in the New Year. Wage claims totalling an extra £500 million a year have still to be settled. Among the claimants are the miners, railwaymen and builders. The dockers, with work vital to the export trade, and the firemen, have already put in demands.

The 80,000 dockers, now averaging £13. 16s. 1d. per week, want a "substantial" rise. The 20,000 firemen, earning between £8. 17s. and £11. 4s. 6d., want an extra 30s. Significantly the claims are accompanied by a fat statement from the Trades Union Congress that increased pay should not depend on bigger output.

Tightening Squeeze

Mr. Macmillan, talking over Mr. Butler's Big Squeeze, has to discourage the payment of unjustified demands. These would help to price British goods out of overseas markets.

In tightening the squeeze early in the New Year, he is expected to ask the banks to intensify credit restrictions by further slashing old loans to customers, restricting new ones and clamping down harder on hire-purchase finance.

Probably he will embarrass a number of one-man businesses by forcing some workers out of jobs. The Tory government will be blamed for possible hardships—and Labour will gain a number of votes at the next General Election.

But the Tory government must continue its squeeze to safeguard the pound and national prosperity.

Its big task will be to do so without squeezing the poor at the election.

(COPYRIGHT)



Russia plays a game of wait and see for

This Richest Prize

By Russell Spurr

THE golden pagodas, the silken-robed dancers, the banquets and applause—all these were shown or given to the Russian visitors in full measure because the Burmese are polite.

Naturally, the lavish hosts did not tell Comrades Bulganin, Krushchev about the damaging activities of the Burmese Communists. Nor did any whisper of the misery and discontent below Burma's smiling surface reach the distinguished guests from Premier U Nu or his Ministers.

But while Messrs B. and K. were busking in the hospitality, I went by plane and train to sample the Burma they did not see.

I learned that 5,000 troops of the Communist jungle army—which still apparently takes orders from Moscow—are scattered around Mandalay.

Together with the Karens and other rebel bands, the Reds are tying down 100,000 Burmese Government troops, holding the peasants to ransom, and strangling the country's economy. Villages are sacked; houses burned and burgled; farmers robbed and murdered. The water pipeline to Rangoon has been blown up and trains go sky-high regularly along the ill-guarded railways.

NEGLECT

The valuable teak forests are neglected. Only a quarter of the pre-war output is getting down the river to Rangoon. The rebels exact tolls all the way. The oil industry (now nationalised) still works well below capacity. The pipeline that carried fuel to the ruined Rangoon refinery from Central Burma will never be repaired.

Tin, wolfram, and ruby mines are cut off behind the rebel lines.

Now the bottom has fallen out of the rice market—the Government has something like a 2,000,000-ton surplus on its hands—and all the development plans dreamed up by the planners in Rangoon have gone to pot.

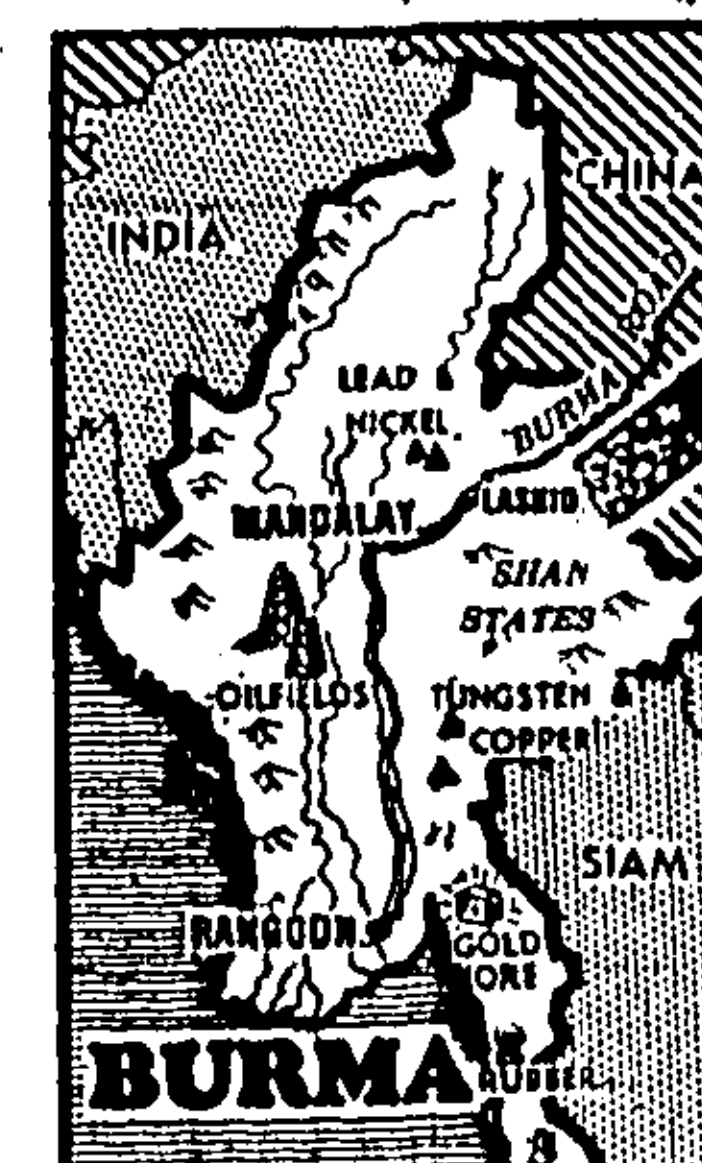
So Burma, the richest country in Asia, is going begging.

Bulganin and Krushchev got no hint about any of these things from the Burmese, except perhaps an urgent offer of more high-priced rice.

It was an achievement of the working Press, which was obviously not grinding a political axe, but simply looking for news. Nobody was waving an ideological banner. There were only a lot of reporters taking things down in shorthand.

This little volume is a beautiful example of the usefulness of pure journalism, which never sets out to do more than bring back the story, but sometimes brings back a story that civilisation must hear if it is not to perish.

(COPYRIGHT)



markets, operate trade agencies and lucrative concessions. But this is just shrugged off as one of the perks of power.

I got a hint of the under-surface misery from humble, ragged folk.

They find their paper notes are worth only one-fifth of the old British rupee. Necessities like cotton, cloth, and paraffin are almost unobtainable in many outlying areas, and prices for such "luxuries" as tooth-paste and soap make their purchase impossible.

But do not think Bulganin and Krushchev have missed a trick. Although they did not encounter any of Burma's sorrows, they were fully briefed on the situation by Soviet diplomats in Rangoon.

TARGET

Burma is still Communism's most profitable target in Asia. Moscow may not interfere for the moment while its peace and co-existence theme is memorifically enshrined.

The Burmese Communist Party is not strong enough to win in a straight fight, though it is strong enough to turn down Government offers of amnesty, and of the Red jungle force stay around, as Moscow's policy. Let inefficiency and chaos run their course.

The Soviet can afford to wait. Its chief ally in Burma is time. (COPYRIGHT)

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No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing.

But now, Cyma craftsmen offer you the Cyma-Navystar, a new, ultra-thin watch. Its case is made of special rustproof quality steel, and is so designed that slimmness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision.

A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness. The rim which accommodates the back of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing of this outstanding watch is completely faultless. All Cyma Navystar sealing is made of a new metal which permanently retains its elasticity and neither crumbles nor wears. The main sealing is situated where it cannot be damaged from the outside.

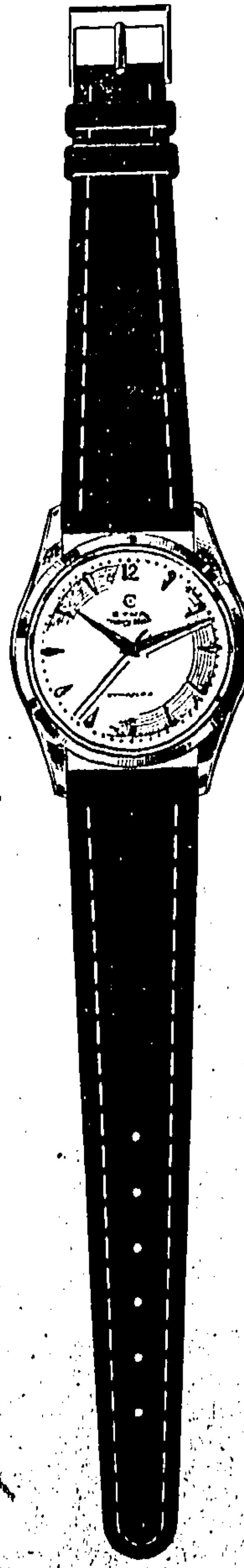
This is the watertight watch!... wonderfully thin, elegant, permanently watertight, and made by CYMA—world-famous for their leadership in high-precision watch manufacture.

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The NAVYSTAR is, of course, also equipped with the famous CYMAFLEX shock-absorber. ONLY CYMA watches have the CYMAFLEX anti-shock device...and every CYMA has it!

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Really, darling, you must try to remember that a witch-hunt is only a witch-hunt until it's supported by the Astors—then it becomes a crusade."

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

HOOVER Herbert Hoover has

all but been forgotten by the outside world. But in the United States he is still a power to be reckoned with.

When he was ousted from the presidency by Roosevelt in 1932, he all but gave up party politics. But, behind the scenes, he has been busy ever since on projects connected with the cumbersome machinery of American government.

This week he came up with a revolutionary plan to streamline the presidency.

He calculated that there are 62 departments, agencies and organisations which are directly responsible to the President and

which must report directly to him and to no one else.

If the President spent just one hour a week listening to each of them it would take up almost all his waking life.

Obviously he can't do it. And the result is an over-worked President and sometimes administrative chaos.

So Hoover suggested the creation of an Administrative Vice-President.

The new administrator would be appointed by the President—not elected—and would ultimately be responsible to him.

But he could take over many of the organisations which now bog down the President.

Some of them are very curious—the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre Commission, the Panama Canal Company, the National Science Commission, the Commission on Fine Arts and the Indian Claims Commission, for instance.

There were, no doubt, historical reasons for putting these items under the direct control of the President. But they could easily be passed on to someone else if only there were the official machinery to permit it.

IT'S THAT Just how tough

MAN AGAIN is a tax collector's life anyhow? Socialist M.P. Reginald Sorensen is worried. He will ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer when parliament reconvenes: "How many incidents have been reported of physical attacks by taxpayers on tax collectors during the past five years?"

Finding the answers will be one of Mr Harold Macmillan's first tasks in his new job. No official statistics are published.

CLEAN When the tough Welsh

coalmasters at Glamorgan's East Pit were small, their mothers drove them, protesting, into tin tubs for their weekly baths.

Last week the pit's management devised a last-resort penalty to discourage those miners from slacking.

They locked the doors of the gleaming new £40,000 pit-head bath against them.

And the coal-grimed men, after the day's stint, had to trudge home to sit unwillingly in the tin tubs which had dodged as boys.

The management had not picked the penalty irresponsibly. Output of coal at the pit was too low, they told the men. And the bath would remain locked till more came up. Nationalisation of the coal industry did not mean one long holiday.

The men, who had eagerly awaited the bath's opening, protested.

The management refused to produce the keys. The costs of the pit, said a spokesman, were not going to be increased till the men had proved that they were going to work properly.

The men, piqued at having to go home to their wives blackened and dusty each day, referred the incident of the bath to union headquarters in South Wales.

Union officials are still discussing the next step. But the management has discovered one thing. British miners nowadays demand a daily bath.

GIFT Members of Parliament,

accustomed to getting odd queries, requests, advice and taunts from querulous constituents, found the last loaf of bread each one received a marked variation. They could at least eat it.

The loaves, baked by Mr C. H. Clarke, of Oxford, were a novelty also.

They were the first in recent times that had stemmed entirely from Britain's wheat fields.

And they were sent to Members to show what could be done to cut dollar imports of wheat from Canada.

Behind the idea was Mr J. Nickerson, a scientific grower who experiments with little plots of corn in East Anglia.

His problem was to produce a strain that would match the hard Canadian types now mixed with British-produced wheat to make the popular white loaf.

This year he found the answer—Koga Two, a clean, hard grain, which he claims will do away with the need for spending \$10,000,000 every year in Canada.

Next year, he hopes, hundreds of British farmers will be growing it alongside the country's traditional "soft" wheat, with each grain helping to narrow the dollar gap.

DRIVE-IN The city of

GAOL Camden, South Carolina, is building what must be the world's first drive-in prison.

The goal, scheduled to open for "business" early next year, will allow police cars to drive down a ramp and deposit prisoners right at their cell doors.

Reason for the "drive-in" city officials felt it was unsightly for policemen to struggle upstairs and along corridors with protesting drunks and criminals.

BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦

THE AUTHOR LEAPED OUT OF BED

THACKERAY: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846. By Gordon N. Ray. Oxford University Press, London: Cambridge. 35s. 539 pages.

IN the Ship Inn on the front at Brighton, a young man woke up, jumped out of bed and ran round his bedroom uttering a strange name, recalled from Pilgrim's Progress, which had perched on his sleeping brain.

He had found the title for his new book. And somehow it sounded as if it would soon be famous, as if people would soon be talking about "Vanity Fair."

In the first half of his life, with which Gordon Ray is concerned in this detailed and fascinating biographical volume, young William Makepeace Thackeray had known plenty of ups and downs. He had not scented the heights. He was well known in London's Bohemia; he was not famous.

After school (Charterhouse) and university (Cambridge) he had gone out into the world, a young man with some money—a young man who had not yet lost his money. Life began at Weimar, a little German principality, mentally stuffy and morally relaxed.

The Grand Duke Karl reviewed the local army (400 strong); exercised a stern censorship over the local theatre. Thackeray found that to enter society one needed a uniform. He became, by post, a cornet in the Devon Yeomanry; in its pink and sky-blue uniform he conquered a German heart or two.

After Weimar came London—too much drinking, far too much gambling, some women.

Drink brought self-disgust, gambling brought ruin, women brought troubles of another kind. Time and again Thackeray swore that he had visited the gambling hell of Regent's Quadrant "for the last time, so help me God."

Even when he had squandered his fortune, the urge remained. One incident of his youth remained a source of shame to him all through life. He went into a firm which discounted bills at 40 or 50 percent. The future author of "Vanity Fair" became a usurer.

... with a strange cry on his lips. William Makepeace Thackeray had named his masterpiece

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

It was worse than disreputable. It was ungentlemanly. To make it still worse, the venture failed. Twenty years later, a jealous hack could hurt him with a sneer at "that admitted old note-shaver, Thackeray."

From a raffish life in London he fled to a gay one in Paris, among other English expatriates, gentlemen fleeing from their debts, ladies escaping from their reputations. "There is on the face of the earth," Thackeray observed, "no scamp like our English one, no blackguard like one of these half-gentlemen."

He had precious little money; lived for a month on five pounds and bought a waistcoat out of it; married and had still less money. There was nothing for it but a return to London—and last

desperate throw of the man of talent—a career in journalism. "Nothing but a thorough-going blackguard ought to attempt the daily press," was the opinion of Sir Walter Scott. Thackeray attempted it, found he could do it better than most.

"You must not alarm yourself about my infinite struggles, hardships and labours," he told his mother. "Every one of them do good." One day he dined with his wife at the Trafalgar Tavern in Greenwich. He was "as poor as a rat" with £1 in the world. He spent 17s. on the meal. "I wanted to nerve and excite myself up to writing."

His was a vigorous, daring temperament that produced more and better work under the spur of need, amid the clatter of

printing machines. In 1849, when he woke in the Ship Inn, Brighton, Thackeray was 38, an overworked, successful journalist, conscious of talents he had not yet exploited. "Vanity Fair" changed all that.

It expounded a criticism of society subtler than anything he had done before. It contained his greatest character, in Becky Sharp, Thackeray thought he was depicting a bad woman; in fact, he was forecasting the career woman. As for good women, he could not draw one without turning her into "the whimpering little goddess whom he deifies in every novel" (as a disgusted critic complained). The whimpering little goddesses wept and blushed but never came alive.

CONQUEST "Vanity Fair" made a swift conquest of Victorian England. Even the leadership of Dickens was challenged.

For long it had seemed that Thackeray, vigorous, hard-living, able, could not make up his mind whether he was a satirist or a novelist. Now he had showed triumphantly that, once at least in his life, he could be both.

BUT WHY, SAID THE DUKE, SHOULD ANYONE WANT A NAPKIN RING?

By ROBERT BLAKE

FIFTY TUMULTUOUS YEARS. By the Rt. Hon. Earl Winterton, P.C. (Hutchinson, 21s.).

LORD Winterton entered Parliament as the "baby" of the House in 1904. When he retired in 1951, he had been its "father" for the last eight years. Readers will recall his lively and amusing reminiscences published a year or two ago under the title Orders of the Day.

Now comes a second volume covering the other aspects of Lord Winterton's full and varied life.

It is a most enjoyable book, agreeably rambling, and just what is needed for Christmas reading. There is no need to follow the orthodox practice of beginning at the beginning and ending at the end. You can dip into the book anywhere, and you are almost sure to find "something good."

For example, Lord Winterton deals with "labours" and describes how the eighth Duke of Devonshire, then a Liberal, once took high tea with a prominent nonconformist supporter. The Duke was of a somnolent disposition and conversation flagged. At last the Duke broke a prolonged silence by pointing to a napkin ring and asking: "What is that? I've never seen anything like it before."

"That, Your Grace," said his hostess, "is a ring for the serviette."

HIS DISMAY "But why," said the Duke with a firmness which would please that great expert upon upper class usage, Miss Nancy Mitford, "do you want a ring for a 'napkin'?"

"Well, you see," she replied, "it is to see that no one at the next meal uses someone else's napkin by mistake."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, profoundly shocked by this dreadful revelation of the way in which the middle-classes lived.

Lord Winterton records his own youthful dismay when his mother, as a measure of economy to reduce the laundry bills, decided to use napkin rings.

Lord Winterton is of course a Conservative. Indeed, from some of his observations in the House of Commons, one might have been tempted to describe him as a "stern and unbending Tory."

But this would be unfair. He does not belong to that depressing category of elderly gentlemen who sit in London clubs denouncing in ever louder tones (for the benefit of their deaf contemporaries) the steady decay of the modern world. On the contrary, he is urbane, realistic, sensible and far-minded.

For example, is Britain suffering from a progressive moral rot as a result of the diminishing hold of organised religion upon the ordinary man?

Lord Winterton, recalling the brutalities and squalor of the lives of the poor in his own younger days and the complacency with which this state of affairs was accepted, is by no means sure. Again, divorce may have increased, but that does not prove that sexual morality has become worse. It may merely be that people are less hypocritical. At all events there is no means of deciding such a question with certainty.

HIS DOUBTS Was Elton in Lord Winterton's youth the ideal seminary for educating the sons of the governing class? Lord Winterton has his doubts.

"Though I am glad I was at Elton and not at any other school I have not the enthusiasm for it possessed by most Old Eltonians.... It is Oxford University and the House of Commons which produce in me a nostalgia at once sweet and painful, whenever I revisit either."

However, he gently rebukes the late Sir Desmond McCarthy for painting an unduly lurid picture of the amount of vice prevalent in their old school at that time.

Is the modern addition to the cinema and television screen a sign of intellectual decadence? Lord Winterton thinks not.

"Naturally as a writer and a journalist I want people to read books and newspapers," he observes. "But I am not convinced that to see a good film or hear an instructive talk must be of excessively be of intellectual value than reading a good book."

Telling Tales SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES (Elek Books, Ltd. 15s.).

HOW much can be said about a collection of Saturday Evening Post stories? If one cared to analyse each of the 20 selected by the editors and presented to British readers for the first time, there would be a great deal of space taken up with needless superlatives.

On the other hand, how little can be written and, at the same time, do justice to them? Omitting all the superlatives the result, in my opinion, is this: the best fact they have appeared in that world-famous journal would be sufficient for any reader in search of good matter.

The collection includes two "long short stories" by the well-known writers Ray Boyle and MacKinlay Kantor; but to select one of the others to read the shortest is far too difficult. The shortest must be the withered, wretched, and the

THE SCREWED-ON OR PRESERVED-FOR-POSTERITY SMILE.

THE POSSESSIVE OR SHE'S-ALL-MINE SMILE.

THE FORCED SMILE AS YOU LISTEN TO DADDY RELATE JUNIOR'S BRAINY CRACKS.

THE SUPERIOR SMILE OF THE EVOLVED BRANCH OF THE FAMILY.

THE MONA LISA OR MYSTERY SMILE—DESIGNED TO SLAY THE BOYS.

THE HE-A-BOY SMILE.

THE SELF-SATISFIED SMILE OF THE MORNING—COLD-SHOWER ADDICT.

THE I-TOLD-YOU-SO SMILE... PARTICULARLY SICKENING WHEN YOU HAVE GONE FIFTEEN MILES IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Kentner Recital Greet's New Year

MYSTERY SERIAL
STARTS
TOMORROW

Famed pianist and composer Louis Kentner gives a New Year recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong tomorrow evening at half past nine, before an invited audience.

Louis Kentner, who was born in Karwin, Silesia, but who has lived in England since 1935, has had a brilliant career as a concert pianist — beginning at the age of fifteen.

As an interpretative artist, he shows unusually wide sympathies, and these will be illustrated in his recitals in Hongkong this coming week.

Besides broadcasting a recital tomorrow evening, this distinguished artist has agreed to appear in "Music Magazine" tomorrow morning at 12.15.



The pianist, Louis Kentner, who is to give a piano recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong tomorrow evening at 9.30.

when he will talk about some of the works which he will play in the evening's recital, and demonstrate points at the piano.

"Auld Acquaintance"

Most people in Hongkong will be singing "Auld Lang Syne" at midnight tonight—but how many of those singers know the origin of the song—or indeed the words of more than the first verse—even though it is probably the best known of all music to come out of Scotland.

In a feature called "Auld Acquaintance" at half past ten this evening, the gradual development of the present form of "Auld Lang Syne" from the original 18th Century poem will be illustrated in words and song.

"Auld Acquaintance" has been specially written by Alec Hardie, and the programme is produced for Radio Hongkong by the British Council in the person of Janet Tomblin. The narrator is Bill Phillips, and the singer John McLeod.

"Dead Circuit"

Listeners who enjoy a Sunday evening mystery serial will be glad to hear that a new series from the life of the fast driving, chess-playing "Hugo" of "Dead Circuit" fame begins tomorrow evening at half past eight, from Radio Hongkong.

The new serial about Hugo Bishop—the favourite radio sleuth, was written by Eileston Trevor, based on the novel by Simon Ratnay.

A much sought-after secret weapon, causing mysterious deaths in England and Spain, is the theme of this new mystery serial, called "Dead Circuit", which is produced by Audrey Cameron for the BBC.

"Motoring Magazine"

"Motoring Magazine" first programme for the new year includes a despatch on the motor racing situation in Europe by Dick Bonstead-Smith; a talk about the value of multi-grade oils for the motorist, and a road test of the Riley Pathfinder.

With the arrival of 1956, plans for the Macao Grand Prix are already on the way, but the most thorny problem of all is insurance. This subject has recently been aired in the press, but with a view to casting further light on the matter, six people representing various viewpoints have been invited to come along and discuss the matter informally, and without scripts.

"Motoring Magazine", which is edited and introduced by Timothy Birch, will be on the air at 9.30 on Tuesday evening.

"This Week Looks Back"

Tonight "This Week Looks Back" through the weeks of 1955 and brings to the micro-

phone again some of the outstanding personalities, reports, interviews and news items which have been in Radio Hongkong's topical news magazine through the past year.

"This Week Looks Back" can be heard at 8 o'clock this evening, and will be compiled and introduced by Timothy Birch.

1	2	3	4	5	6
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B					
C					
D					
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You will need this if you wish to attempt the "Radio Crossword" from Radio Hongkong at 9 p.m. tomorrow.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FAVORITES.

2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.

3.00 HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA. Recorded during the second half of their Christmas Concert at the Hitz.

3.30 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by John Murphy.

4.00 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. "Mistral Without Transport".

A well Highland comedy by Calum MacLeod adapted and produced by Finlay J. Macdonald.

4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Army v. Royal Air Force. Commented on by Hongkong Government Stadium.

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Scotland The Brave; Skye Boat Song; The Hundred Pipers; Road to the Isles; The Howan Tree; Will Ye No Come Back Again—Sean MacGonigal Pipe Major.

5.30 THE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA. Can't help singing: Waltz in Water-Colour; Midnight in Mayfair; Way to the Stars; My heart and I; You are my heart's delight—The Dutton Girls Choir; Fiddle up; Scrub; Brother; Scrub; Heigh-Ho Whistle While you work; It's a lovely day tomorrow.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Calling: R.E.M.E. Att. 27 Gurka Rifles.

6.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

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8.38 "LIFE WITH THE LYONS." A comedy by the Lyons.

8.40 "THE BLUE AND THE GREY." Scenes of the American Civil War (1861-1865).

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8.82 WORK AND WORSHIP.

8.84 WORK AND WORSHIP.

8.30 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Victor Horne. Comedy in Music.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Bill Young. Produced by John Wallace.

9.30 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR. With Tony Hancock, Mollie Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James. Produced by John Wallace.

10.00 MUSIC FROM THE CHAMPAGNE ROOM.

10.30 "AULD ACQUAINTANCE" — THE STORY OF AULD LANG SYNE WRITTEN BY ALEC HARDIE. Produced for the British Council by Janet Tomblin. Singer: John McLeod. Reader: Bill Phillips.

10.59 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL.

RADIO DANCE DATE.

11.31 THE BELLS OF ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL RING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

12.00 MIDNIGHT NEW YEAR CHIMES. Auld Lang Syne.

12.05 a.m. "ALL JOIN IN." A musical play by Brenda.

12.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.01 TRADITIONAL MELODIES.

8.30 OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.10 THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. "Two Ballets."

9.30 WE SING FOR YOU. Sammy Davis Jr., Jane Frazar, Laurence Road, Hey there. And this is my beloved, September Song; Because of You Sammy Davis Jr.; I believe in you (vocals). The Finger of suspicion points at you, I wonder, the Song from Desires. The Hunk of Junk and his Orchestra.

10.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS. From St. Joseph's Church. Presented by The Rev. Father J. O'Meara, S.J.

11.00 MUSICAL MOMENTS. Slavko Pinoff (cello) with Olaf Schuller (piano). "The Russian Serenade." The Swan (Santalov). Der Himmelmusik (Rimsky-Korsakov).

11.10 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The Hunk of Junk and his Orchestra. Conducted by Ian Whyte.

12.00 noon LOVE SONGS FROM FOREIGN LANDS. Sung by Nelson Eddy (baritone) with Theodore Paxson (piano).

12.15 p.m. MUSIC MAGAZINE. Edited and introduced by Peter Sharp.

1.30 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FAVORITES.

2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.

3.00 HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA. Recorded during the second half of their Christmas Concert at the Hitz.

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9.00 WORK AND WORSHIP.

9.02 WORK AND WORSHIP.

Louis Kentner talks about the music he is playing in his broadcast this evening; George Luzzatto gives an illustrated programme; notes on Beethoven's 4th Symphony; S. M. Dard talks about the Mozart bicentenary year.

11.45 "BROADBAND" (LENNER — LOWE) — SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSICAL PLAY. Sung by the Principals & Chorus of the Broadway production. Orchestra conducted by Frank Allister.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.25 STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. FORCES' PROGRAMME.

1.35 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.

2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. "Radio without (Mozart) Gypsy" with Howard Barlow and the Chorus & Orchestra.

3.00 "JOURNEY INTO SPACE." Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 8. "The Flight of the Phoenix".

3.30 HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.

4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Kwong Wah v. Kowloon Motor Bus. Commented on by the Club Ground.

5.15 "A SHARING CARAVAN." George Shearing Quintet. Caravan. Day in love. Drum Trouble. I've never been in love before. Mood for MIT.

5.30 DORIS DAY IN SONGS. From "Love me or leave me." With orchestra conducted by Percy Faith.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.03 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE. Conducted by a Royal Naval Chaplain.

6.30 "TREASURE ISLAND." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Part 4. "The Flight of the Mutineers."

6.59 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

7.03 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.15 MUSICAL COURTNEY. By Professor J. Isaac. No. 1: The "Wagon Wheel" (Chabrier). "The Music from OPERA."

Overture "La Forza del Destino" (Verdi). "The Hunk of Junk and his Orchestra." "The Russian Serenade." The Swan (Santalov). Der Himmelmusik (Rimsky-Korsakov).

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8

LEARN YOUR CRICKET

Control That Swerve

GIVEN the right conditions—a ball with some shine on it, the right wind, or a heavy atmosphere—nearly all bowlers, if their action is right, can make the ball swerve.

But swerve in itself is of little value unless it is combined with control of length and direction.

A young bowler must make up his mind which swerve he wants to bowl, "cut" or "in."

That is, to the off or to the leg; and then set his field for the chosen swerve and stick to it.

He should not try to bowl the other swerve, except perhaps very occasionally as a surprise ball, it is impossible to set the field for both swerves.

If the swerve is to be effective, it must be bowled to a full length and straight enough to force the batsman to play at the ball.

Though the bowler may find it easier to "move" the ball in than out, he may well also find that he is paying too high a price for it by the sacrifice of control in length and direction.

Expensive

Inadequate bowling is bound to be expensive, moreover, it involves an unwarrantable risk for the batsman. It is also more difficult for the latter to catch the edged ball off incoming than for slips and gully to take similar chances from out-swinging.

In bowling the out swerve the seam of the ball should be slightly "canted" when the ball is gripped so that at the moment of delivery it will be in the direction of just slip. The two fingers will be on top of the ball and on each side of the seam, the right side of the thumb will be on the bottom side of the seam directly beneath them.

In his wind-up before delivery the bowler should slightly exaggerate the turn of his shoulder on the batman, and in his follow-through.

low-through the right hand should swing more down and across to finish close to his left thigh.

In releasing the ball he should feel the first two fingers move on behind it for as long as possible.

In the in-swing the seam of the ball will be "canted" slightly towards the leg. The second finger will be along the inner side of the seam with the first finger and more or less parallel with it; the ball of the thumb will be on the bottom side of the seam more or less directly beneath them.

In the delivery stride the front foot will land slightly to the off side of the right foot, and the arch of the back should be slightly exaggerated.

The arm must come over as high, that is, as close to the head as possible, and instead of swinging across the body must come down in front of it, finishing by the right thigh. Again, the first two fingers should move on behind the ball.

[Taken from "Cricket—How to play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions Ltd.]

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FOURTH RACE MEETING

Tuesday 27th December, 1955 & Monday 2nd January, 1956

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on both days.

The Fifth interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 6, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, 24th December, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards Reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 6, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road, during normal office hours, and until 10.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 4th February 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to bet or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

MATTER FOR PROFOUND REGRET

RECENT INCIDENTS HAVE DONE NOTHING GOOD FOR HONGKONG SOCCER

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

It is surely a matter for profound regret and deep concern that the year goes out to the accompaniment of a soccer snarl.

Recent incidents, on and off the field, have done nothing for the betterment of the game and one can only hope that whatever happens during forthcoming inquiries on the administrative side of Colony football, the present state of unfortunate playing field incidents will be quickly terminated.

I cannot imagine that anyone wants to see a player punished unjustly or over-harshly for his indiscretions, but at the same time a halt must be called somewhere if things are not to be allowed to get out of hand.

The deplorable situation of two players being ordered off the field in a show game such as the International encounter between Scotland and Portugal serves merely to underline the current increase of poor conduct by players in senior football in the Colony. It is hard, in the circumstances, to point too scathingly at any of our junior tennis who on occasion have resorted to questionable tactics.

The example set to the juniors in such games as that between South China and Eastern and Scotland and Portugal is hardly likely to assist them in reaching a better standard. If such conduct is a part of senior football, then the criticism of junior players must surely be excused in his moment of exultation.

The incidents in the international match at Caroline Hill on Wednesday were rendered all the more unsavoury by the very nature of the occasion. Coltrane got his marching orders before the game was a third of the way progressed and it was difficult to see from the far side of the field exactly what had happened.

It has been suggested that wrong words were spoken by the player but I believe he was ordered off for attempting to strike a player.

The incident in the closing minutes which resulted in the goalkeeper Teixeira being sent to the pavilion and newcomer Trotter to hospital was a very different kettle of fish. It is a long time since I have heard so much disgust being expressed on every side about a field incident.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the double ordering-off incidents, everyone present must have felt shocked at the smug and indignant conduct of both Coltrane and Teixeira after Reference Hancock had ordered them from the field.

Both, in this most inglorious moment, found time to salute the spectators with the famous "thumbs up" handshake.

The shaking of one's clasped hands above the head is usually a means of expressing personal satisfaction at a job well done—for example by the boxer who has just won a tough battle—or as a way of acknowledging the acclamation of an audience.

In this case, there was neither cause for satisfaction nor acclamation.

Hongkong football is close to the threshold of world class. It can well do without the distasteful snarl which current conduct involves.

Soccer referees are probably, next to politicians, the most discussed and criticised—and the least praised—group of men in all the length and breadth of modern society.

Many of them accept criticism with a stoicism born of the safe knowledge that only a small percentage of the critics really understand the laws of the game and it is therefore refreshing to hear, as I did the other day, a club official praising the work of the officials who have handled three recent games in which his team took part.

The one only one of these games so there can be no suggestion that the referees got a word of praise from a winning, rather than a satisfied, client.

However, all the talk about officials has not been in the same appreciative vein and only last Sunday I was drawn into a quarrel of soccerists who were concerned about the apparent slowness of the referees who handled the vital Eastern-Sing Tao match.

Several times, it was pointed out, how he was plodding heavily along far behind the play and, while he could not be blamed for the crowd demonstration against one of the line-men, it was felt that if he had been closer to the play he would have been in a much better position to check the accuracy or otherwise of the frequent off-side decisions that upset the crowd both in the grandstand and on the popular side of the stadium. From my own viewpoint, I thought the line-men was more than once in error.

and that he frustrated several good quick-thinking forward moves by Eastern.

A lengthy discussion took place at another game where the man with the whistle persisted in stopping play when a goal kick was awarded until all opponents were out of the penalty area. Several prominent officials were adamant that the referee was wrong and that he was denying the eager defenders the benefit of a quickly-taken kick.

I spoke to one well-known official about the point and he—a qualified but inactive referee—gave it as his considered opinion that there is nothing in the rules to justify the referee's action.

He pointed out that a forward could take his time in leaving the penalty area and so allow his teammates to take up good covering position. This, it was contended, is contrary to the spirit of the laws of the game and that no effort should be made to delay the goal kick.

If the ball is played by an opponent before it leaves the penalty area the kick has to be re-taken, but if the goalkeeper elects to act quickly and to the advantage of his side there seems no reason why he should not take his kick even if there are an opponent or opponents in the area.

There are several interesting points that could be brought into this argument... so may be the experts will find time to discuss it at one of their forthcoming meetings.

HOLIDAY GAMES

The four have a three-day programme this week-end, but it seems certain that the crowd will be at the Government Stadium this afternoon for the meeting of those old soccer enemies, Army and South China.

For the Champions every game is new vital and their faithful followers will be out in strength to see them do battle with the soldiers. The full programme is as follows:

Today: Army v. South China at HK Stadium; Kitchee v. Police at Club; RAF v. Royal Navy at Causeway Bay.

Tomorrow: Kwong Wah v. KMB at Club.

Monday: Governor's Cup (1st Match). HKFA v. CAAF at Hongkong Stadium.

All week-end games will start at 3.30 p.m.

South China will start favourably this afternoon and with their recent burst of high scoring they will go into the game with plenty of confidence. The Army has also enjoyed a successful run and provided all their players have recovered from recent injuries the soldiers will be no less confident than their opponents.

The game will provide an interesting contrast in styles and the odds are weighted in favour of bang-on-form South China.

Kitchee and RAF should add to their points total at the expense of Police and Royal Navy respectively while KMB should account for Kwong Wah tomorrow.

There should be another good crowd at the Stadium on Monday and a survey of the two teams suggests that CAAF will go on to the second game with a comfortable lead... but with memories of last season's reverses still with them, the Chinese boys will enter the match with special determination not to slip up.

...and finally the MacTavish Topper, specially polished for the occasion is dated in salute to the Colony's soccerists, whether you are players, officials or the loyal fans who follow the game... May I wish you all a Happy and Successful New Year, and the realisation of your hopes and plans.

KERES SETS A PROBLEM



Soviet chess master Paul Keres makes his move, and is anxiously watched by one of his opponents, 67-year-old bearded Mr J. C. Thompson during simultaneous play on 20 boards at the National Chess Centre in Bishopsgate, London on December 21. Keres and his compatriot, V. Ragozin, are visiting various British cities to give displays. — Reuterphoto.

THE MUSCLE-MAN SEASON

Suspend Soccer In Three Worst Months

Says DON REVIE

It is all very nice having a white Christmas but don't you think it's a trifle crazy to play football at this time of the year? I do. The snow showers in parts of the country last week completely upset the schedule of most clubs. The players were forced indoors to train. Groundsmen worked overtime shifting snow and trying to get the ground fit to play on.

And the referees were faced with that unhappy task of deciding whether grounds would be made playable in time. Coming back on a recent train journey with Nat Lofthouse, (Bolton Wanderers), Stan Matthews (Blackpool), Tom Finney (Preston N.E.) and Roger Byrne (Manchester United), we all debated the effect of the weather on British football. We were all pretty well agreed that the season should be suspended, say, from December until February.

As Stan Matthews pointed out, snow, heavy mud, or waterlogged pitches or misty conditions are no help at all to the team who are trying to play cultured football. I agree with Stan.

How often do we find a really good footballing side which has led the way in the League on the fast, firm ground, suddenly take a nose-dive around Christmas-time. Culture goes out on heavy pitches and the cloggers and muscle-men come into their own. At the time of writing clubs like Manchester

United, Blackpool, Portsmouth, Charlton, and Burnley have won results by fine football but I wouldn't say they would shine as brightly in ankle-deep mud.

SHEER SPEED

Blackpool rely on their accurate short passing, the genius of Stan Matthews and the pace and power of Bill Terry. All this skill has been negated by bad playing conditions. It's the same with Portsmouth, another fine side. Also Burnley, who have a tiny forward line relying on sheer speed and quick moving of the ball for results.

Manchester United are very much the Busby babes, young, eager and clever. They could quite easily take a hammering in heavy weather against a side who had stamina and kept using the big kick down the middle of the field.

Cut the season—let the League be a true test of skill and not, as it is at present, a test for survival of the fittest, but not necessarily the best, footballing side in the country.

I know fixture lists are overcrowded already but what is to stop us playing two matches a week (under lights if necessary) at the start of the season and in the last few weeks of the season? Surely that would eliminate the hard slog through the slush of December, January and February.

TV FOR "MUM"?

The most difficult decision a young footballer has to face is "Which club shall I sign for?" It is not easy for a lad of 17. If he is a first-class prospect he usually has one or two famous clubs angling after his services. And it has been whispered here and there that a boy is often helped to make his decision by the promise of a washing-machine or a TV set for his Mum, and a sincere post as scout for the club for his Dad.

In other words, many a promising lad is enticed away from a smaller club, by the wealthier, more glamorous, teams. Often the youngster is given his first chance by some local League club and then,

miraculously, when he is 17 and able to turn professional he signs for some first division club.

This problem is a great source of worry to managers of second and third division teams and it seems a pity that once a club has taken a boy on to their ground staff that they are not entitled to have first claim on his services if, and when, he decides to turn professional.

No one blames a boy footballer for trying to do the best he can for himself and his family. At the same time, if some small club has spotted his ability when he was still a schoolboy, coached him to become a better player—surely they are entitled to feel that should be their player when he turns professional.

(Copyright)

SPORTS QUIZ

- Who is the holder of the Empire Featherweight boxing Championship, whom did he beat and how?
- In football if a defender shoulders charges an opponent in the penalty area after the ball has been cleared, what would the referee's decision be?
- Who is the only footballer to score a hat-trick in a post-war Cup Final at Wembley?
- Whom did Archie Moore beat for the World Lightweight title?
- What do you associate with Tattersall's?
- How many players are there in an ice-hockey team?
- Which famous cricket grounds are overlooked by (a) a Gasometer (b) a Brewery?
- Name the Public School which has a famous boating pond.
- "View Hallow". In which sport would you hear that cry?
- Which was Harold Larwood's county?

(Answers See Page 17)

Sports Diary

TODAY

Div. 1: Kitchee v. Police (Club) 3.30 p.m.; Army v. South China (HK Stadium) 3.30 p.m.; RAF v. Navy (Navy) 3.30 p.m.
Div. 2: Kitchee v. Police (Club) 3.30 p.m.; Army v. South China (HK Stadium) 3.30 p.m.; RAF v. Navy (Navy) 3.30 p.m.
Div. 3: Tramways v. Talkoo, Docks v. Happy Valley, both matches at Happy Valley at 2.15 p.m.
Div. 4: Lane Crawford v. University, Watson v. Rediffusion 2.15 p.m.
Rowdown Godown, D & S, HK Air-arms v. Caroline Hill (HK) 3.45 p.m. All matches at Happy Valley.

TOMORROW

Div. 1: Kwong Wah v. KMB (Club) 3.30 p.m.
Div. 2: Tung Wah v. KMB (Club) 3.30 p.m.
Div. 3: CMB v. RAMC (HK) 4.15 p.m.
Div. 4: Lane Crawford v. University, Watson v. Rediffusion 2.15 p.m.
Rowdown Godown, D & S, HK Air-arms v. Caroline Hill (HK) 3.45 p.m. All matches at Happy Valley.

MONDAY

Fourth Race Meeting, Second Day, Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.
Governor's Cup: CAAF v. HKFA (HK Stadium) 3.30 p.m.
Gold
Panthers Mixed Fourmen, first round.
Cricket
Triangular Tournament: HKCC v. RAF & Navy, at Chater Road, 10.30 a.m.

POP

LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH FOR A CHANGE



I WENT HOME WITH ONE OF OUR TYPISTS—SHE'S GOT A NICE FLAT



WE HAD A FEW DRINKS AND



Reverence report

DON'T GIVE ME THAT FEEBLE TALE, YOU'VE BEEN OUT PLAYING SNOOKER



PRECIOUS DRINKS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS

CHERRY CHEERING



BOXING

Shake Up Those Referees

Says HAROLD MAYES

Boxing's boo-boys are having a succession of birthdays. And it is no longer just a matter of the betting fraternity shouting through their pockets.

The rank and file customers who pay for being entertained and seeing fair play are getting far too many justifiable opportunities of voicing their disapproval of controversial verdicts.

In fact, the stage has now been reached when you're lucky if there isn't at least one bad verdict at every show.

And it is not only the decisions which cause comment from people in the business. The way contests are handled is another matter giving cause for alarm.

NO TWO ALIKE

No two referees seem to have the same method of operating. Some give countless "last warnings" for offences, and never act. Others act without giving sufficient intention of doing so.

Some warn a man for ducking below the waistline before he has hardly nodded his head. Others let him nearly kiss his boots and say nothing.

Some warn a man for hitting with the inside of the glove, then let him continue to do so, and give him the decision. Oh, I could just go on enumerating the clangers they drop.

British Boxing Board of Control stewards see these things happening. They hear the boo when it's obvious that the referee is the only one in step.

It isn't possible to conceive that they let these things go unheeded, but, whatever action they may take, the same men are allowed to go on making mistakes.

FIRM MEASURES

Desperate situations call for desperate measures, and I suggest that the time for a thorough overhaul of the whole refereeing system is at hand.

There are fewer promotions today, which means that fewer referees are needed. Surely there could be no more opportune moment for a weeding-out process.

There are some good referees around. Really sound men who don't look for the easy way out; who don't find excuses to warn one man when they are seeking alibis in advance; who don't duck the bread-and-butter shows when it's their turn on the rota because those promotions aren't glamorous enough.

It shouldn't be difficult for the Board, through its area councils and inspectors, to find those men who don't spoil good contests either because of the way they are handled or because of the decisions. The sooner they're given their chances the better.

Mannion's Partner

Remember that ill-fated Army Cup Final at Aldershot when lightning struck, killed two players and injured several others, the referee and spectators? The Royal Engineer's outside-left that day was Bobby Barker, of West Bromwich. The clever winger has since been with Shrewsbury, but now is partner to the great Wilf Mannion at Poole.

BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC HOPES

On track and field, in gymnastics, baths, in towns and villages up and down the country, Britain's top athletes are preparing for a tilt at the biggest prize amateur sport has to offer—an Olympic Gold Medal. What are their chances?

This series takes you into the dressing rooms, and shower baths, introduces you to the men and women who hope for the honour of wearing the Union Jack on their track suits in Melbourne next year. It tells the story of their rise to fame, their hopes and fears.

ROY KNOCKS 'EM COLD IN THE OLD KENT ROAD

By ERIC NICHOLLS

When the Great Britain boxing team for the 1956 Olympic Games is named, one man had better be in it. Otherwise, the whole of the Borough of Southwark will want to know very definite reasons why.

For these hardy Southwark folk are proud of Roy Francis, the 20-year-old international Light-Middleweight, who possesses one of the handiest sets of knuckles in the business—sorry, sport.

And the people of that South-East London Borough are justified in their hero-worship. In just a few short weeks, Southwark Roy has graduated from just another good prospect to a "big name" in the affairs of amateur boxing.

Messrs C. Ross Dunsheer, of Russia and Frank L. Davis, of the United States of America will, I feel sure, gladly give evidence on that score.

Called in as a late substitute against the Russians, Francis convinced everyone except the judges that he had beaten Dunsheer.

But in his next international contest—against America—the poker-faced Brit mechanic didn't bother to ask the judges for their opinions.

LAND OF SLUMBER

Instead he dispatched Frank Davis to the land of slumber with a right hook 50 seconds after the start of the argument. And Davis was supposed to be the knock-out specialist!

Great Britain won 7-3. Francis by reason of that expert piece of uppercutting became a national sporting hero in the eyes of millions of televisioners.

Yet, but for Dad, Roy Francis might have been just another back alley kid, drifting from pub to pin table. Roy didn't ask his Dad. He was told by Mr Francis senior that street corners were no place for a lad of his tender age.

So young Roy transferred his attentions to the front room where Dad put the gloves on him and taught him how to fight—the legal way.

Roy was duly converted to the noble art, a conversion he never regretted. Nor has he any misgivings about the partnership which embraces Dad as manager, trainer, adviser and what-have-you.

Indeed, since that first day Roy stepped off the Old Kent Road and into the ring to do battle with a similarly disposed young gentleman, he has collected a piano-top crammed with medals and trophies, cup-boards full of tea services and cutlery, and an assortment of black eyes and bruises.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Hogan Bussey, beat Billy "Spider" Kelly by KO in 8th round.
2. An indirect free kick for a correct charge, a penalty for a foul charge.
3. Stan Mortensen for Blackpool against Bolton in 1952-53.
4. Joey Maxim.
5. The selling of racehorses.
6. Six.
7. (a) The Oval (b) Lord's.
8. Eton.
9. Fox Hunting.
10. Nottinghamshire.



ROY FRANCIS

That same partnership has provided him with 205 fights, 185 wins, mostly inside the distance, and an ABA record in the 1953 Championships when he won his way through to the final with all knock-out victories. (European Champion Bruce Wells, won on points in the final.)

TWO ABA FINALS

It has brought him honours all along the line, including two ABA finals, and an Imperial Services title.

It has brought him five international wins, and four international wins.

But Roy will never swap knives and forks for the hard cash of professional armistice. Mum wouldn't like it.

Offers came pouring in after the Davis bout. Roy turned them all down.

For his mother hates boxing. She will not even watch his televised bouts.

So this dynamic young man will remain an amateur.

Now younger brothers Barry (13), another southpaw, and George (11) are being given the same drawing room treatment that started Roy off on the road to fame. Both are following in Roy's footsteps. For they hold, as Roy did, Southwark school-boy titles.

And George captains his school team at football. Roy once had a trial for Chelsea ("too many internationals to compete with there"). He de-

clined boxing and football didn't go together when he found himself playing in a cup-match complete with extra time in the afternoon, and a boxing semi-final in the evening.

Only one obstacle stands in the way of a trip to the Melbourne Olympic Games. Roy still needs to win that elusive ABA title. His next attempt—in April—may be third time lucky.

RIGID TRAINING

But he is not leaving anything to chance. His rigid training schedule includes an hour and a half road and gym work every evening, seven nights a week, and two sparring sessions—"always against orthodox opponents."

Afterwards, comes Mum's nightly steak, eggs and cauliflower.

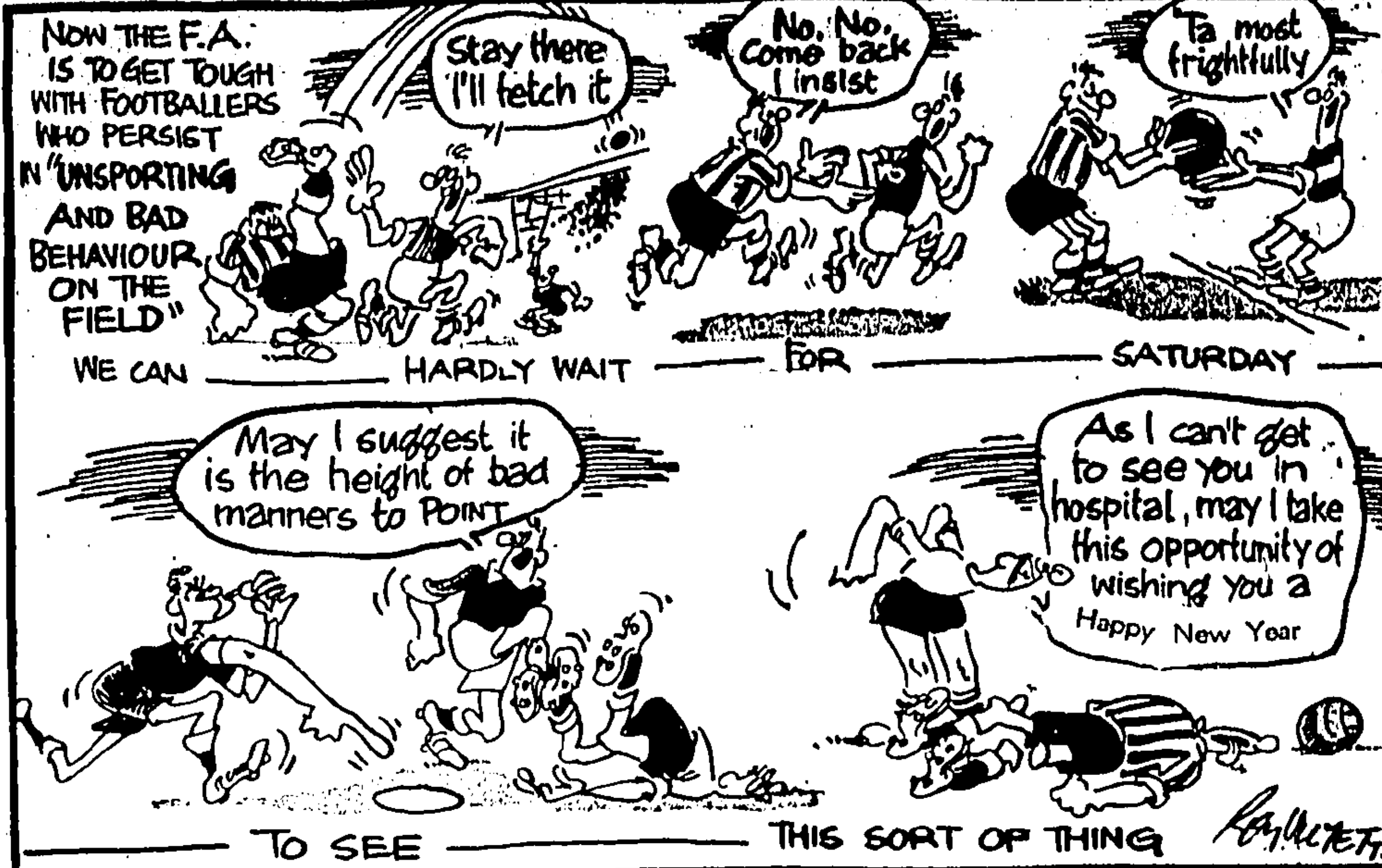
One of Roy's fans will have an even keener interest in his boxing affairs next year. For in July, 19-year-old Jean Beard, who lives a couple of streets from Roy's home, becomes Mrs Roy Francis, after a two-year engagement.

I'm supposed to be unbiased. But I'm joining the Roy Francis Fan Club. I like the honesty of the man, I like his modesty and the way in which he has put the feelings of his mother before financial gain.

I'll be rooting for him in Melbourne. He'll be there, I'm sure.

(London Express Service).

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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Bill Edrich

By ARCHIE QUICK

The simultaneous news that Denis Compton has left hospital, that the MCC tourists are in Pakistan and that Australia is searching feverishly for new batsmen and bowlers to bring to England in April brings happy summery memories on cold, dank winter days.

The visit of the Aussies and the possibility of Compton being unable to play, even for Middlesex, has spurred his Middlesex "twin", Bill Edrich, to out-of-season, indoor practice. He attends regularly at All Gover's school at Wandsworth or Jack Durston's at Acton, and is determined to make a Test comeback.

Bill's career has been curiously parallel to Compton's. They both started as professional footballers, and both were outside lefts—Compton with Arsenal, Edrich with Spurs. For Middlesex they have been together in many unforgettable partnerships, and three seasons ago each passed the 3,000 runs mark. Both are England men, of course, and both outstanding fielders and good bowlers, Compton as left arm change, and Edrich a fast opener for his county and his country.

WINTER PRACTICE

When I saw Edrich at Gover's recently he told me that he had not put in so much winter practice since the War. "I shall be forty before the next season opens", he said, "and I need to keep my eye in all the year round now. There is a doubt about Denis, but Middlesex have some fine youngsters to stand-in. I shall captain again, but my aim is to get back into the side against Australia. I have never felt fitter, and I am optimistic."

It would not be Edrich's first come-back. He struck a truly terrifying spell of bad form with Wally Hammond's team in South Africa in 1939. Four and ten were his totals in the first Test, a "duck" in the second, he did not bat in the third having been dropped in the batting order, he had six in the fourth, and still Hammond persevered with him despite the attack of the critics.

SOCCER ON THE INSIDE

Edited by SAM LEITCH & TERENCE ELLIOT

Black-haired Bobby Smith, one of six Chelsea centre-forwards, was playing snooker in the games room above manager Ted Drake's office last week. Sixty minutes later he was a Spurs player and Chelsea were £18,000 richer.

Spurs boss Jimmy Anderson had bought his man at the third attempt. But why had 22-year-old Smith, who only a month ago refused to go to White Hart Lane, changed his mind?

First manager Anderson told him: "You will be our League centre-forward immediately."

Secondly manager Drake stressed the problem: "I am well off for centre-forwards. I have Roy Bentley, Ron Tindall, Jim Lewis, Les Stubbs, Les Allen, and you. It's a job trying to fit you all in."

So Smith signed. This completes about £50,000 worth of purchases by 'Spurs' since November 2—John Ryden from Accrington, Maurice Norman from Norwich, and Smith.

'Spurs' Vice-Chairman, Mr E. Dewhurst Hornsby points out: "All three were not on the transfer list and did not even want to leave their clubs."

NEVER GAVE UP

"I think Smith's signing is a tribute to the tenacity of Jimmy Anderson. He has always been sweet on him and he never gave up. I am very proud of this success."

But the move poses an embarrassing problem for Ted Drake. How to stay pals with the dozens of club managers in the country whom he had persistently told: "Smith will never leave Chelsea."

Choreographer and ballet dancer Tuttle Lemkow, ex-footballer and friend of pricey Hans Jeppson, wrote to Charlton chief Jimmy Seed offering to coach Charlton in a kind of ballet-gymnastics.

Says Tuttle: "I got a polite but very significant reply from Mr Seed which illustrates the attitude of English football training today."

"Mr Seed thanked me for my offer but said his players mostly concentrated their training on ball control."

So friendly are the relations between Portsmouth and Queen's Park Rangers that the London Third Division side will not ask for a share of the fee Pompey paid for 17-year-old wing-half Brian Carter.

Pompey chief Eddie Lever made an all-night motor dash to sign Carter from Southern League Weymouth on Tuesday.

But unknown to him, Carter was a QPR player. They had registered him as a League amateur last summer. Then Carter turned professional. But regulation 89 of the Football League rules enables QPR to retain the player's registration after signing pro forms for a non-League side.

A LITTLE PEEVED

QPR manager Jack Taylor is a little peeved Carter did not get in touch with him when the Pompey transfer was pending. "He promised to let me know," he added.

The transfer is one of the most complicated on record. When I told Mr Fred Howard about it his comment was: "As far as we are concerned Carter has a QPR registration."

Final friendly word from Mr Taylor: "My club will be content with a few kind words from Pompey."

Urgent January date for Reading manager Harry Johnson. He wants to go

North to watch two Lancashire Combination players he has had recommended.

"No names yet," says the ex-Blackpool skipper who hopes the players can go straight into his League side.

Harry is still living in an hotel in Reading. He realises Reading's team problems take priority over his domestic arrangements.—London Express Service.

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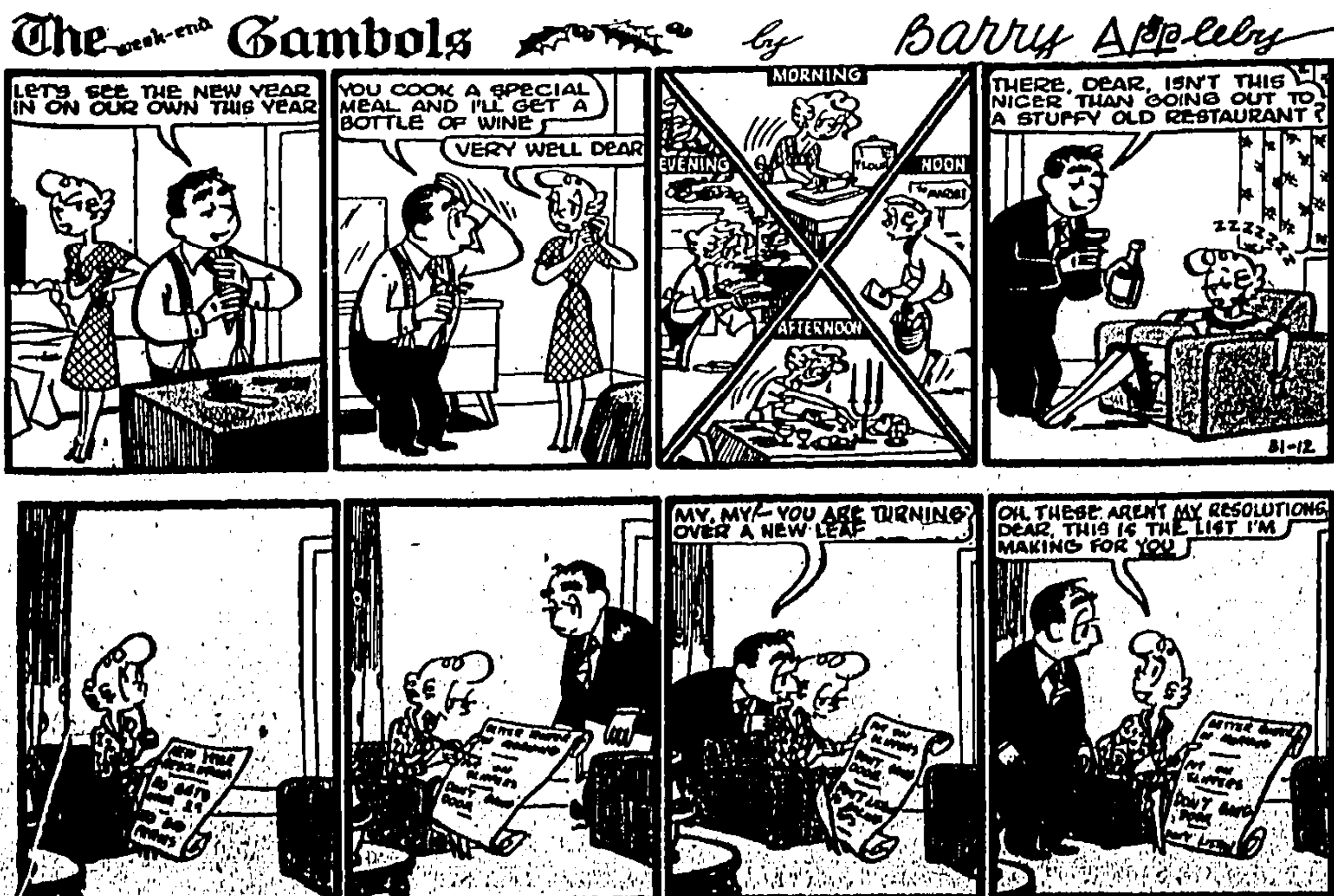


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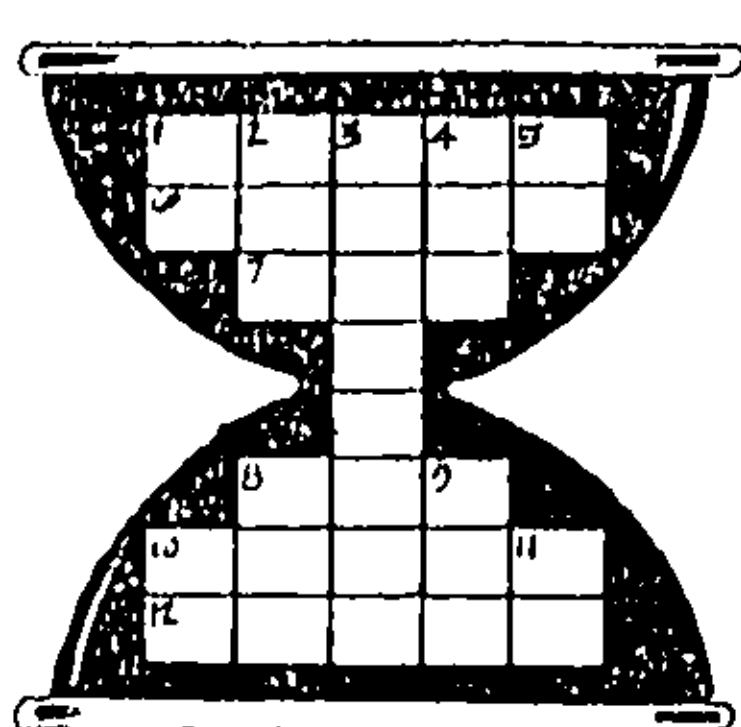


NEW YEAR PUZZLES

CROSSWORD

DIAMOND

CARTOONIST Cal has placed today's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an hourglass:



This is the YEAR END as well as the beginning of a new year, so the Puzzlemaster uses that as a centre for his diamond. The second word is "meadow", third "depart", fifth "ascend", and sixth "an abstract being". Complete the diamond.

Y
E
A
R
E
N
D

NEW YEAR WORD CHAIN

Change RING to BELL. In seven moves. After only one letter at a time, without moving its position in the word, and have a good word each time.

(Solutions on Page 20)

ACROSS

- 1 What the Puzzlemaster wants the New Year to be for you
- 6 Fish out
- 7 Baba and the Forty Thieves
- 8 Disturb
- 10 Occur again
- 12 Becomes a legacy

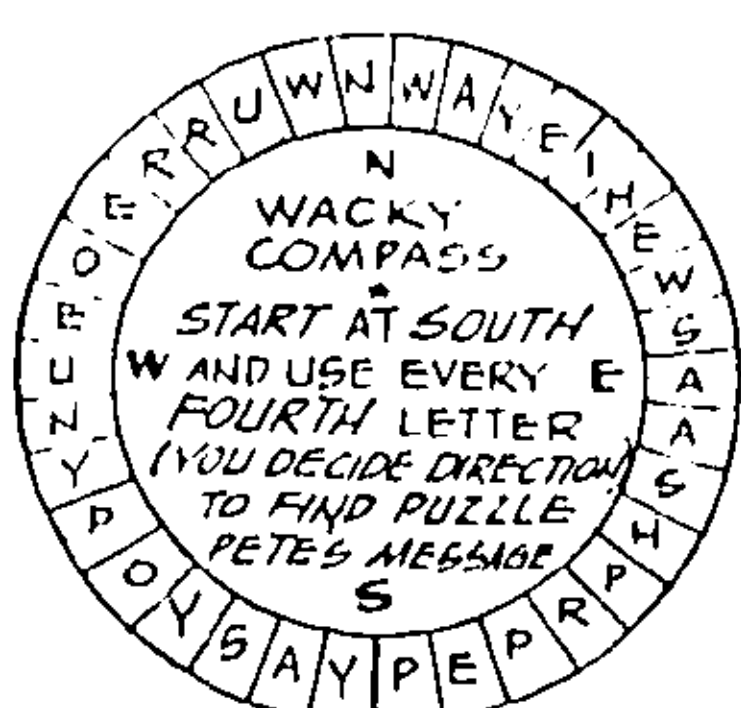
DOWN

- 1 Pronoun
- 2 Connotation
- 3 Whole man to the Indians
- 4 Greek letter
- 5 Biblical pronoun
- 6 Provided with food
- 7 To print
- 10 Egyptian sun god
- 11 Beam (verb)

NEW YEAR HODGEPODGE

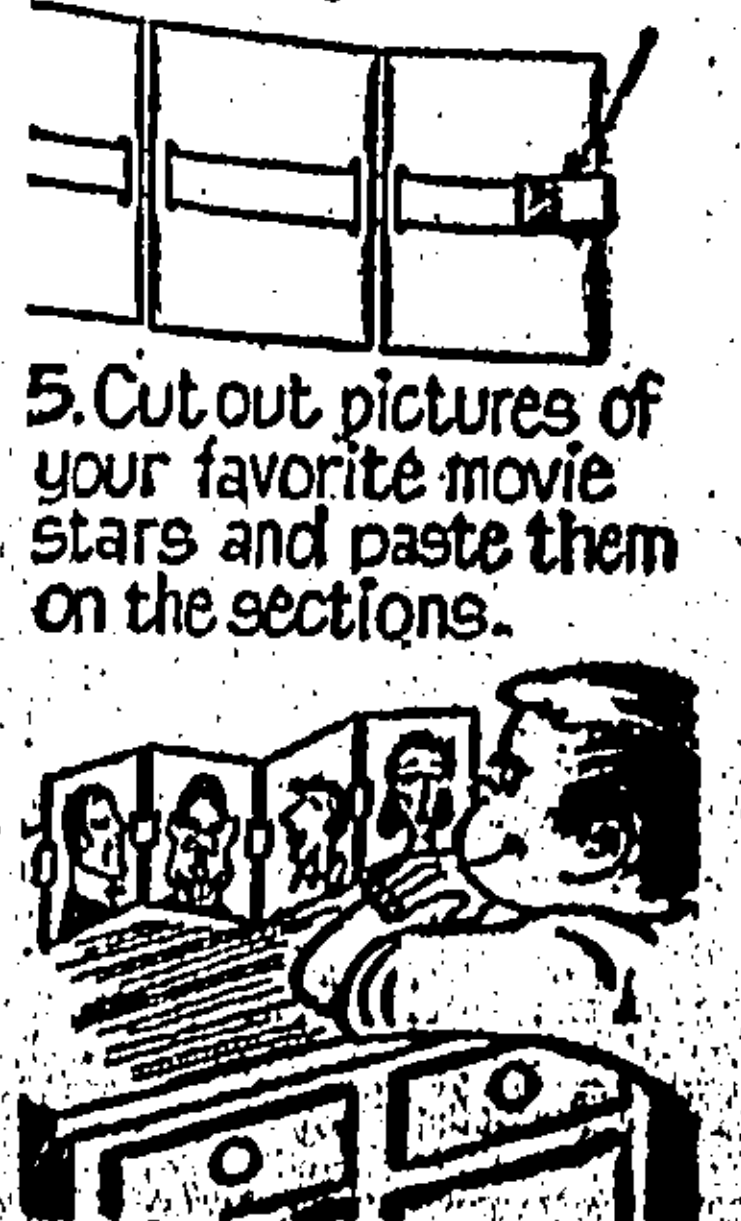
Rearrange the letters in each of the change sentences below to form two statements pertaining to New Year's Day. GREY HILT SINGE OPA SO ROY IN RENEW SALUTE

WACKY COMPASS



HOW TO MAKE A FAN CLUB FOLDER

1. Cut out 4 pieces of CARDBOARD like this...
2. CUT 1/2 INCH SLITS IN THE CENTER OF THE SIDES OF EACH PIECE.
3. THREAD A 3/8 INCH RIBBON THROUGH THE SLITS. START HERE.
4. Pull ribbon tight...leave 1/2 inch at end...lap end over and glue to back.
5. Cut out pictures of your favorite movie stars and paste them on the sections.



15 MINUTES' FUN

IF FIVE ROUNDS OF STARS COST \$5.00, HOW MUCH WOULD AN OVAL COST?

WRITE OUT THE INITIAL LETTERS OF THE THINGS OBJECTED, THEN REARRANGE THEM TO OBTAIN THE ANSWER.

WHAT'S ON HIS MIND? DRINK FROM THE BOTTLE WITHOUT STARTING AT 1-00.

CAN YOU LIFT THE BOTTLE WITH THE STRAW?

THE ARTIST FORGOT TO DRAW THE FAMILY'S FACES. CAN YOU FILL THEM IN?

STARTING WITH AN EGG-SHAPE, COPY THESE DRAWINGS.

WHAT'S ELSE CAN YOU MAKE OUT OF AN OVAL?

HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY INTO THE MAZE AND OUT AGAIN?

MY NAME SUGGESTS THE BUTTACHE.

MY NAME REMINDS ONE OF BIRDS.

NICE WOULD NOT LIKE MY NAME.

(Answers on Page 20)

Have You Ever Tried Making A Boomerang?

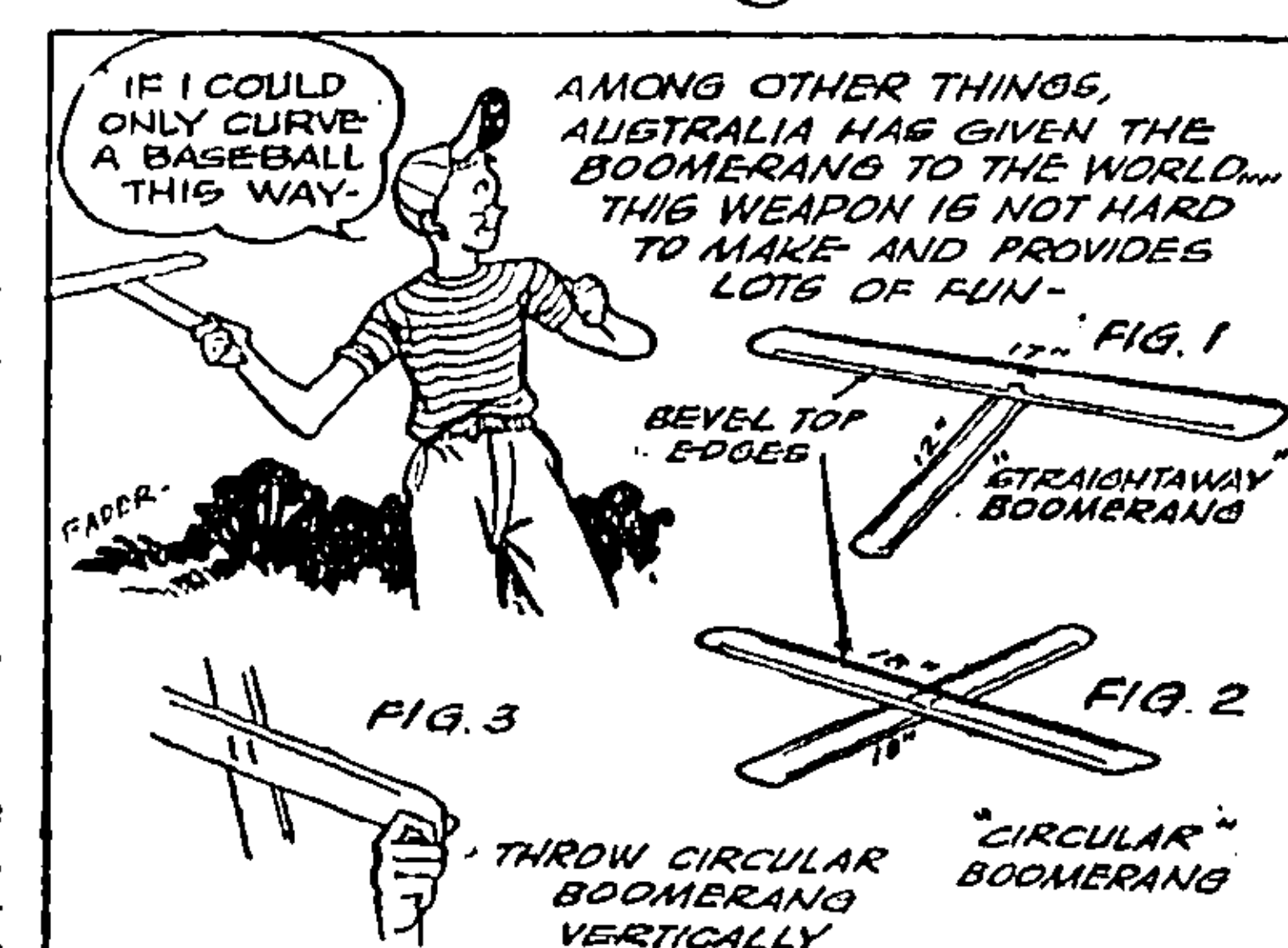
WHY not make a boomerang?

Either of the simple boomerangs described here, when thrown into the wind, can travel up to 100 feet along the ground, then gracefully rise to a height of 70 to 100 feet, and return to the vicinity of the thrower.

You will need two pieces of light, tough wood, spruce is best if you can get it. It must be around one-quarter of an inch thick.

The one made in the form of a letter "T" is called the "straightaway" boomerang, because it travels its greatest distance along the ground, then rises in the air, but does not always return to the thrower.

The longer arm is 17 inches in length, the shorter 12 inches, and each is 2 1/4 inches wide, with a quarter-inch bevel on the top edges. The two pieces are glued together, and then nailed with brads, three quarters of an inch long, the projecting ends of which are bent over and hammered down to make a very strong joint.



Boomerangs always work best when a moderate wind is blowing from the left, and you can get interesting results by throwing them against, across, or with the wind.

BEAVERS BUILD GOOD DAMS

THE forest ranger at Honey Lake frowned at the fallen pines and uprooted grass and shrubs. The winter floods in that section of northern California had gashed the mountain side. Those giant dams down below on the Sacramento and Pitt rivers held back what was already washed down.

If only there were some way of holding back those run-away streams, it would save both the timber and the grass.

Then Ben Beard remembered seeing beavers at work on a mountain at Idaho. Why couldn't beavers be made to do the job here?

The idea was ridiculously simple—so simple and ridiculous that Mr Beard's proposal was laughed at by the higher-ups in the nation's capital.

It took six more years of winter floods and patient prodding before Mr Beard was finally allowed to import three pairs of beavers, obtained from the Idaho fish and game commission.



These were released in the early summer of 1934 on Roland Creek at an elevation of 6,000 feet. Two log dams had been thrown together to give the beavers a start, and they got the idea at once and began building another dam.

Soon there were families of little beavers, and as they grew they left home to build dams of their own in other streams and to start more families. The young beaver is very independent and doesn't want to live too close to mama and papa.

Mr Beard now figures that his original three pairs have multiplied to more than 100, which are at work from 10,000 to 12,000 feet.

400'S WHO

THE PORCUPINE CAN GRUNT, GRUMBLE, SQUEAK, WHINE, MOW, CHATTER, SHRIEK, AND EVEN CRY LIKE A CHILD, BUT USUALLY IS SILENT.

THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN IRELAND, MADAGASCAR OR NEW ZEALAND.

AUTUMN AND MURRE LAY BUT A SINGLE EGG; HUMMINGBIRDS, TWO; ROBINS, THREE TO FIVE; GOOSE, EIGHT TO FIFTEEN.

Old Father Time Has Trouble Coaxing A Timid New Year Out

By FERN SIMMS

"DON'T say that," said Father Time, shaking his grey head sadly. "We need you. Why, you're the New Year."

The little fellow he spoke to looked down sheepishly. "I just can't help it. I'm scared."

Father Time stroked his long beard. "I know how you feel, but I'm too old to carry on. You're young. I need you to take over."

The little fellow looked up and his little red mouth quivered. "I'm thinking of all the trouble you said you had. Look at all the hurricanes and floods you told me about. That's a big job for a little fellow like me."

"But I can't carry on any longer," said the old one. "And if you don't, do you know what will happen? Why, time will stop! Come with me and I'll show you just what the world would be like if time stopped."

If Time Stopped...

"But it looks cold out there," said the little one with a shiver. "I'm not dressed very warmly, you know."

"Here, wear my robe," Father Time draped his long robe around the little New Year. "Comfortable?"

"Kind of big and heavy," said a tiny voice out of the robe.

"Where are you?" asked Father Time, searching in the folds of the robe. "Oh, there you are. Here, get your head out so you can see where you're going."

Father Time walked ahead and the New Year followed him, stumbling over the long robe. "I'm tired already," he complained.

Father Time held out his hand and everything stood still. There wasn't a sound, and not a thing stirred. "Time is standing still," he said.

"How funny everything looks with nothing moving," said the little New Year.

Father Time pointed to a house. "Let's look in here. See, that's Johnny Blake's house. Look, he has the measles. If time stands still, Johnny will never get over the measles. He'll be lying there with those red polka dots all over him forever. But if time goes on, he'll be better in a few days. Then he can run and play with the other children."

If It Went On...

He pointed to a pretty young girl standing at an empty mail box. "And over here, that's Mary Merkel. Poor Mary just stands there with her hand raised, but no letter. She looks so sad. That's because she had a spat with her sweetheart. She wanted a letter from him, but the little fellow nodded in none other. Would you like her to go on and on with her unhappy face? The truth is that Tim will write tomorrow and the following day Mary will



receive the letter and be happy and gay again."

sympathy. "And who's that boy over there with all the freckles who's holding his nose?"

Father Time laughed. "That's Freddie Allen, the boy who caught so many fish this summer. He's just swallowed a mouthful of castor oil. Freddie ate too much at yesterday's party. Imagine having a mouthful of castor oil forever and ever!"

The little fellow shuddered. "That must be awful. What would he do if time went on?"

"Freddie? Why, he might grow up to be a very important person. You should have seen him the day he caught all those fish. Why, he was so happy and excited! Oh, it was a beautiful day."

"You mean there are beautiful days too?"

"Why, sure," said Father Time. "It's not all floods and hurricanes and sorrow. Why, you should have been here the day school closed for the summer. What a happy day for the children. What smiling faces! And then there was Valentine's Day, too. Mary and Tim were certainly happy

Mr. Merlin's Magic

—He Can Make an Ordinary Carpet Fly—

By MAX TRELL

"BUT, Knarf," said Hanid, the shadow-girl to her brother, "this is a very foolish. You can sit on that carpet all day long and I'm sure it won't fly."

Knarf stubbornly shook his head.

"I read a story in a book," he said, "about a prince who sat on a carpet. All of a sudden, the carpet flew around like an aeroplane."

"It was a magic carpet," said Hanid. "That carpet you're sitting on is just an ordinary carpet."

An Old Friend

Knarf and Hanid both turned at the sound of someone walking up to them. They were delighted to see that it was their good friend Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician.

"What's this you were saying about carpets?" he asked.

Hanid explained that Knarf was hoping that the carpet he was sitting on would suddenly fly like the story of the magic carpet in the book.

"No reason why it shouldn't," said Mr. Merlin.

"You mean you can make it fly," explained Hanid.

"I don't see why not," said Mr. Merlin. "Birds fly. Flies fly. Leaves fall off a tree and fly. It shouldn't be too much trouble to expect a little carpet like this to fly."

"I'd just like to see it fly," said Hanid.

"Just sit down on it," said Mr. Merlin. "Well, what was I to do about getting this carpet to fly. Any place in particular you would like it to fly to?" Mr. Merlin asked Knarf.

"Just around the block," said Knarf.

It Was Crowded

Hanid sat next to her brother. Mr. Merlin squeezed himself on the carpet, crossing his legs and did him to take up less room. "It wasn't a very big carpet, and with the three of them sitting on it, things were a bit crowded."



The Shadows and Merlin flew around the block.

Knarf and Hanid couldn't hear exactly what it was that Mr. Merlin said, but whatever it was, it worked!

All at once, as gently as a feather sailing in the wind, the carpet rose off the floor. It floated around the room, just under the ceiling, and went out through the open window.

Knarf shouted with joy.

Hanid was so astonished she couldn't say anything.

Too Tired To Walk

Mr. Merlin simply said: "Flying carpets are very handy things to have when you're in a hurry to go somewhere and Mr. Merlin said to Knarf, 'You're too tired to walk.'"

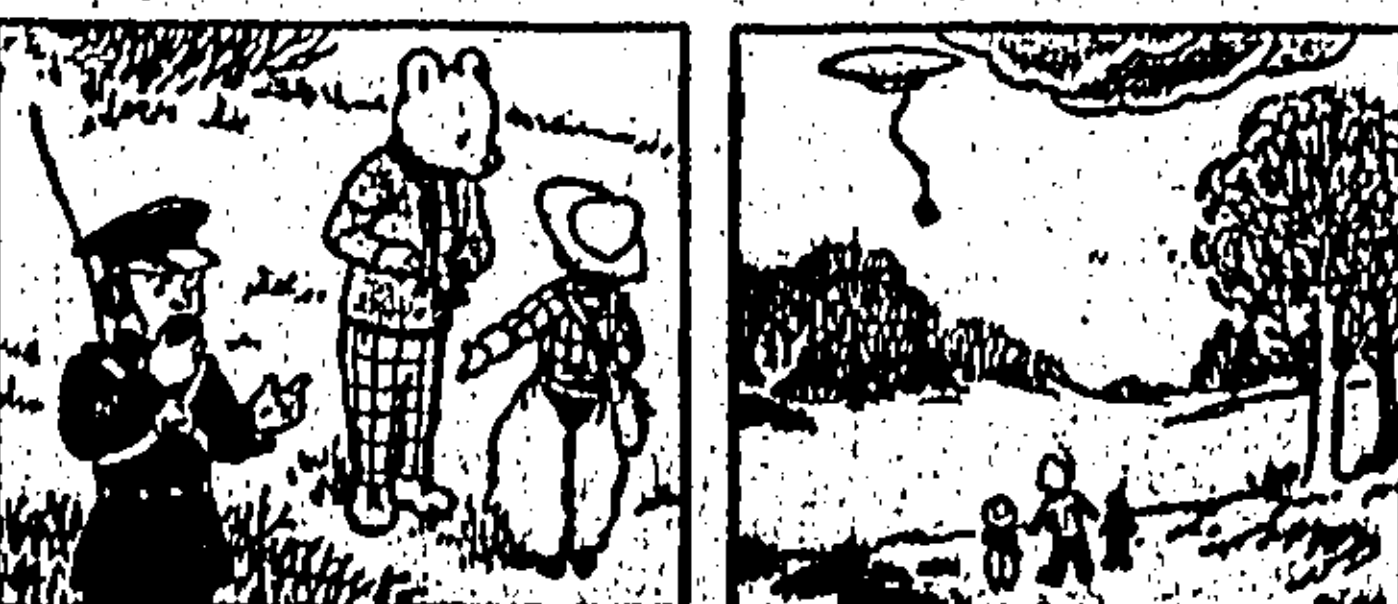
They sailed leisurely around the block, just as Knarf had asked. Several people in the streets below looked up with considerable surprise to see a carpet with two children and a magician sitting on it. But they didn't say anything to anybody else for fear that anybody else wouldn't believe them.

Finally, Knarf and Hanid and Mr. Merlin flew back into the room and the carpet settled gently on the floor again.

"Good luck with your flying carpet," Mr. Merlin said to Knarf and Hanid.

Alas, the next day when Mr. Merlin awoke himself, the carpet, crossing his legs and did him to take up less room. "It wasn't a very big carpet, and with the three of them sitting on it, things were a bit crowded."

Rupert and the New Boat-9



At length the two small people returned slowly to Rupert. "We'll have to do something about that present of yours," said the cowboy. "Oh, dear, I only wanted a new boat. Rupert replied, 'It's that going to be difficult for Santa Claus to deliver?'"

